

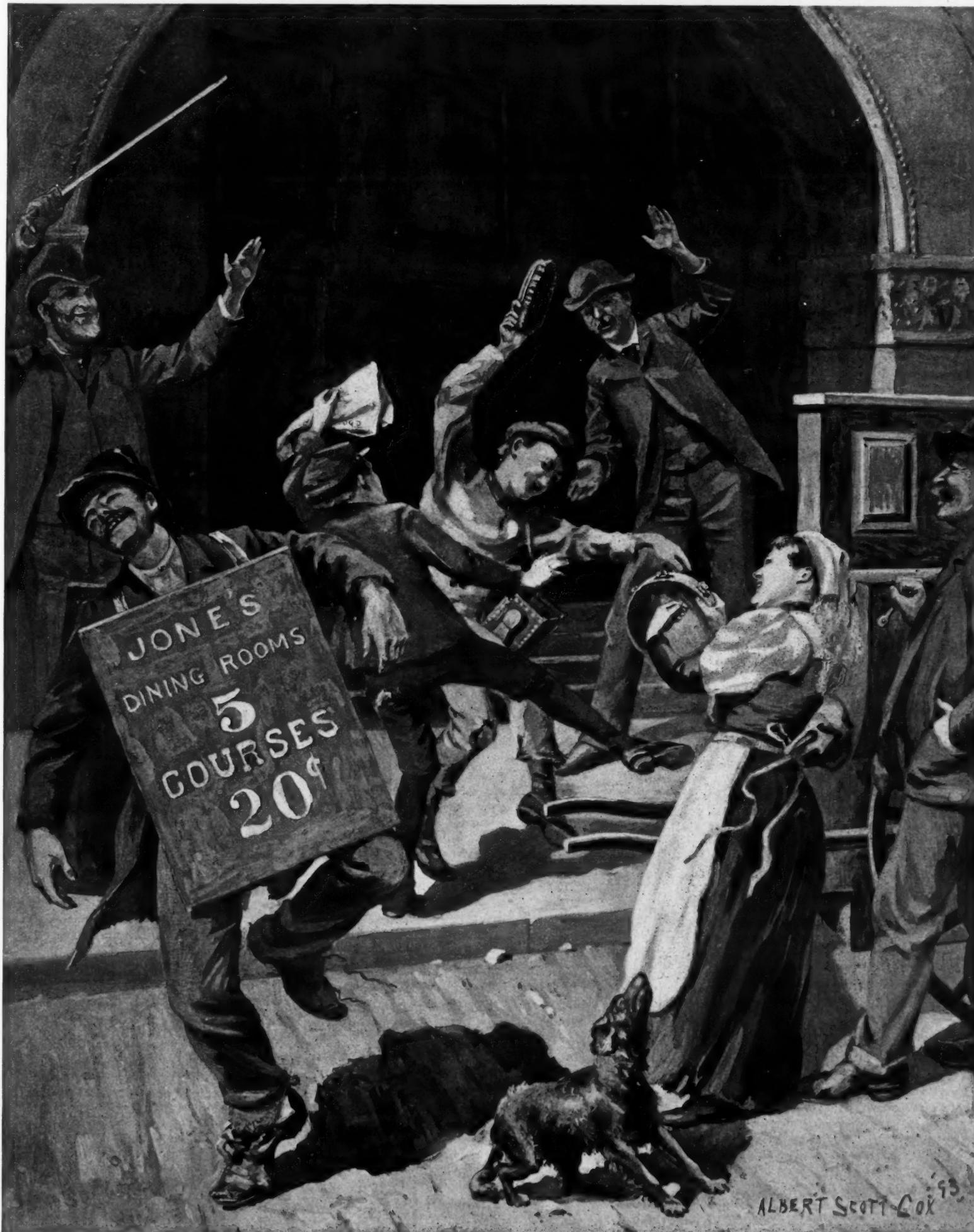
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1893.

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THE SITUATION IN CONGRESS.

OPEN defiance of the President's silver policy by leading Democratic Senators; denunciations of the President and Secretary of the Treasury by Democratic members of the House as traitors to their party because of their desire to establish an honest financial policy and restore prosperity to the country; threats of secession from, and disintegration of, the party if it refuses to obey the commands of the silver kings; delay and indecision of purpose among the professed supporters of the President's views in the Senate, accompanied by manoeuvring and intriguing by men of the Gorman stamp to preserve the party unity at whatever expense to the country—these are the dominant features of the Congressional situation at a time when the country is suffering in all its interests, and the people are clamoring everywhere for relief.

It is not surprising, in view of this situation, that intelligent and fair-minded Democrats are beginning to acknowledge the incapacity of the party leaders for the right discharge of the high trusts committed to their hands. The Democratic party never had a grander opportunity to establish itself in the public confidence than it has recently enjoyed. Facing a great crisis, when, in the language of the President, every day's delay in action "enlarges the mischief already done and increases the responsibility of the government for its existence," it had only to act promptly along patriotic lines, and in harmony with sound principles of finance, to arrest the tide of disaster, justify its competency for rulership, and win the applause of the country. Instead of this its recognized managers have from the first played the part of marplots and imbeciles; they have paltered and pottered, baffling and obstructing every attempt of the honest men of the party to secure needed legislation; a fortnight has been spent in debate which has not changed, and was not expected to change, a single vote, and which has served only as a cover for partisan intrigues; the result being that at this writing we are not much nearer a practical solution of the grave difficulties which Congress was convened to consider than we were a month ago. At the best, the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act cannot now be accomplished before mid-September or the first of October. The Democratic party, as represented and manipulated at Washington, has wasted its opportunity, and the country will be indebted for relief, when it comes—as it presently will—to the Republicans, to whom the administration leaders in the House denied not only the privilege of discussing the proposed postponement of decisive action for a fortnight, but the right to offer a single amendment to any of the pending propositions or a substitute for all of them.

We have from the outset deprecated the introduction of partisan feelings into the discussion of the question which presses for determination. We have been prepared to co-operate with men of any and all parties in wise and timely measures of national relief. We still believe that this is the patriotic course. In the midst of dangers like those which now environ us, with greater calamities plainly impending, men ought to be able to rise above partisanship, and act in accord, as good citizens, with common aims and a common fidelity to approved principles and policies. Holding these views, we cannot but lament the failure of many of the Democratic managers to rise to the height of their duty. Regarding the public welfare as the paramount concern, we would gladly have conceded

them any credit they might have earned by honest effort for its promotion. But for the same reason, because we place the interests of the people above everything else, we must unqualifiedly condemn the disregard of these interests by the party in power.

The country will not be slow to avenge itself upon the men who are responsible for the existing condition of affairs. There is no room for doubt as to where responsibility rests. The attitude of the Republicans is plain and unmistakable. While they do not believe that the repeal of the silver-purchase law will wholly relieve the existing distress, they will vote with practical unanimity for its abrogation, and stand prepared to support any legislation which will restore confidence and prosperity to the country. This has been shown in the Senate by the support given to the Voorhees bill for the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman act and the measure for the increase of national bank circulation. That has been their position from the beginning. They have not been governed at any time by partisan considerations; they have not even resented the affronts put upon them by the majority. The people understand these facts, and they will not forget them when they come to reckon with the men now in authority.

TRIUMPH OF ARBITRATION.



TIS a happy circumstance that the result of the Behring Sea arbitration is accepted with satisfaction by all the parties interested, except the Canadian poachers. Englishmen are gratified because the decision denies the American claim of exclusive jurisdiction over the waters of Behring Sea or the seals found therein. Americans find ample compensation for this defeat on

technical points in the fact that on the really important issue—that of the protection of seal-life—the decision is clearly in their favor. It matters little where the power to protect the industry is lodged so long as that result is actually reached. Under the decision Great Britain and the United States are required to perform this service jointly, preventing all pelagic sealing within a zone of one hundred and twenty miles in diameter around the Pribilof Islands, owned by the United States, where the animals breed, and prohibiting altogether the use of steam-vessels, fire-arms, and nets anywhere in the waters of Behring Sea. This last requirement is especially important, since it must greatly restrict seal-hunting and diminish its destructiveness. It will be remembered that the extension of the closed season to the North Pacific was stoutly resisted by the British counsel, in the interest, apparently, of the Canadian poachers, with whom these waters have been a favorite field of slaughter.

The London *Times*, in commenting on the result of the arbitration, seems to be in some doubt as to whether the American people will accept it without some feelings of dissatisfaction and resentment. It may dismiss all apprehensions on this score. We are not controlled in this matter by mere self-interest. While Americans undoubtedly find ground for satisfaction in the favorable decision of the tribunal as to their main contention, they find reason for still greater gratification in the impulse which this successful appeal to arbitration must give, in the world at large, to this method of adjusting international disputes. It cannot be otherwise than that the spectacle of the two leading nations of Christendom submitting to friendly arbitration a question involving not only material interests but rights of sovereignty, and cordially accepting the award of the arbitrators, will impress surrounding peoples and sensibly diminish the risks of war in the settlement of differences heretofore mainly determined by the sword. It is a good thing to protect the sealing industry of the Behring Sea from extermination; it is an infinitely greater service to humanity, and a vastly greater gain to civilization, to demonstrate, in the face of on-looking nations, that there is a better way of adjusting disputes than by appealing to the passions and hates of men.

THE "COLUMBIA" AND "MINNEAPOLIS."



PROBABLY the United States will not build any more such vessels for its navy for several years as the cruiser *Columbia*, which is soon to have its trial, or its sister ship, the *Minneapolis*, which was launched at the Cramps' ship-yard in Philadelphia on the 12th of August. Secretary Herbert expressed himself, when chairman of the Committee of Naval Affairs in the House of Representatives, as favoring the construction of battle-ships and needed small gun-boats rather than fast cruisers. A comprehensive scheme of the naval requirements of this country must be based primarily on the idea of defense rather than that of aggression. The splendid cruisers *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* are aggressive. The idea of defense is not

contained in one line of their construction and equipment. They are built to overtake any craft of the merchant marine that sails the seas, and to run away from any war-vessel that may seek to fight them. This country, however, needs a navy primarily to protect itself from attack. Battle ships are necessary for this. After that it needs vessels to assert its force in places outside its own immediate jurisdiction, such as Samoa, the Chinese rivers, the Central American coasts, and West Indian ports. Small gun-boats are most desirable for these.

After these requirements have been met in the construction of a navy it will be time, the naval experts assert, to add to the number of swift cruisers. When we shall have constructed enough vessels to form fleets for naval evolutions, then there will be, probably, a rapid construction of ships for scouting purposes. They must be the cavalry of the navy. It is more important, however, to establish the artillery and infantry on a firm footing than to form squadrons of cavalry.

The trial of the *Columbia* will probably be the most noteworthy event of the kind in naval history. She is a triple-screw vessel, and if she scores the success that naval experts confidently expect, the influence on the merchant marine will be immediate and probably lasting.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

THE Northern Pacific Railroad, one of the great railway properties of the continent, is again in the hands of receivers. Why? There are some serious charges as to the cause of the collapse, and these all reflect more or less directly on Mr. Henry Villard. Mr. Brayton Ives, in a published letter, makes a specific allegation that Mr. Villard conspired with others to get control of the road for dishonorable purposes; that while he has owned little of its stock he has managed to make large profits out of its bonds, and that he now quits the country "with full pockets, leaving behind him empty treasuries." Mr. Ives adds:

"Mr. Villard's career has been unique. With no ostensible or visible occupation during the past five years other than that of president or chairman of three great companies, he leaves them impoverished, but has acquired a fortune, of his friends' statements can be trusted, at the rate of a million a year. A more flagrant breach of trust and a more shameless disregard of the duties of trustees and directors have not been seen in the history of American railroads."

This is strong language. It is either true or false. If the latter, Mr. Villard owes it to himself to vindicate his good name. Mr. Ives is a responsible man and would no doubt respond promptly to a judicial process. If, on the other hand, his charges are true, then the breach of trust ought to be punished by the severest penalties that can be imposed. The offenses charged may not be unusual, but they are for that reason none the less indefensible, and to permit any man against whom evidence can be produced of such colossal wrong-doing as is here alleged to go unwhipped of justice, is a crime against the public morals hardly second in gravity to the offense condoned. It is just because dishonest practices in the management of great trusts are so seldom punished that the standard of business honor is so enfeebled and the confiding public is plundered more and more by bold and presuming scoundrels. The suit which has been instituted by Philadelphia stockholders of the Northern Pacific against Mr. Villard and others on charges of malfeasance in office and mismanagement of the affairs of the company should by all means be prosecuted to a conclusion.

ANOTHER MONSTROSITY IN SCULPTURE.



INDIGNATION, deep and wide, enlarged the breasts of certain good people of Cleveland, Ohio, because we stated facts perfectly known to all men of taste in that city regarding the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. It is an ugly, overloaded, vulgar thing, which will have to be taken down as soon as enough citizens are educated to the point of understanding its shortcomings, and perceiving that it belies the artistic feeling of Ohioans. To-day we call attention to a piece of sculpture proposed for erection in Washington, D. C., near the Capitol.

It is a group of Columbus and Isabella, nine feet in height, designed by Signor Giovanni Turini. Last session the Senate made an appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars for a colossal statue of Columbus, to be placed at the foot of Capitol Hill, near Pennsylvania Avenue, and the House is expected to concur in the appropriation. If the group by Turini is to be erected, members of the House will deserve well of their country should they refuse to appropriate the sum. The group is unworthy of consideration; in no country but ours would such a faulty piece of sculpture have the remotest chance of getting before a committee, let alone being accepted.

The sculptor has followed neither history nor probabilities in modeling Columbus and the Spanish Queen. Columbus has the head of George William Curtis and the body of no man, for it is too faulty in modeling to be called a man. He is neither an Italian nor a Spaniard, nor a man of his period. And Isabella presents the same

negative virtues. Her head is the head of a New England schoolmarm—a comely schoolmarm, be it noted, and one with by no means a "ferulous" or otherwise forbidding countenance. But her body is that of a dowdy who has "lost her figure," if she ever had one. She, too, is no Spaniard—look at her enormous hands and feet! She is no high-born lady of that strenuous, magnificent age.

Where, one asks, in what land, clime, and age, did Signor Turini discover these two elderly persons with large and benevolent faces, but trunks and limbs that belong to others? And having discovered them, why call them Columbus and Isabella? They really have nothing to do with Europe. Plenty of ladies over here have ermine capes to the elbow, and head ornaments that resemble little demi-crowns or crescents. The slight elevation, covered with a carpet, on which the lady stands symbolizes far better the lecture-platform than a throne. And the map which the elderly gentleman holds with both hands, exactly in the same position as if it were a hot plate—that might be anything, from a poem on "Beautiful Snow" to a milliner's bill.

In fact, we decline to believe that Signor Turini meant this group for Columbus and Isabella at all. Some wag has been making game of Congress, of him, and of us. The true inwardness of the piece of sculpture is so well expressed that mistake is impossible. The thought embodied is a deep one, and, what is more, entirely American. Signor Turini, like the quick-witted Italian he is, has seen Americans with clearer eyes than they can see themselves. This interesting group has summed up, epitomized, and synthetically crumpled together some of the central and vital facts of the daily life of Americans. This is not Columbus; it is the average man. That is not Isabella; it is the American woman above all averages. The two are indulging in a mild form of *tableaux vivants*. The average man, with his soft, pathetic face, is showing the woman a bill of expenses which surpasses by much that stipend which he can wring from a heartless employer. The woman, in order the better to assert her superiority, has mounted a dais, and, looking the average man steadily in the eye, is asking him, What are you going to do about it? The ermine and crescent mark the satire of the sculptor. While the average man toils and ages, his consort rolls in carriages and wears brave plumes. But let him once show signs of revolt and she mounts the tribune, and from the vantage of her superior sex crushes him with a look.

There are other faults in certain details of the work which might be mentioned if Signor Turini insists on carrying it out instead of destroying the whole thing and trying his hand at something else. The cape of Isabella and the coat of Columbus make ugly cross lines, and the method by which he has brought the eyes of the two on a level is crude, and the results painful. A suggestion that the group bristles with regrettable mistakes will not strike Signor Turini with the same dismay that it might a less rapid and versatile worker, for it is his boast that he can produce groups at very short notice. Like his brother sculptors of Naples, who improvise in clay with astonishing rapidity but never under any circumstances produce a real work of art, Signor Turini has a large field for his talents in sculpture of the lower ranks, decorative sculpture and statuettes for the china and terra-cotta factories. To ask of him a group in the grand art of sculpture is the same mistake we found at Cleveland when a great public monument was intrusted to a man without taste or proper training because he happened to be a builder of houses and a gallant soldier.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE SURF.



SOME one has said that no vain person will indulge in sea-bathing in the ordinary garments of flannel that are usually used in the surf. This is not at all true for two sufficient reasons. One of these is that the inordinately vain person does not believe that anything can be entirely unbecoming, and the other reason is that a man or woman with a trim and symmetrical figure and a neatly-made bathing-suit is just as charming in appearance in the surf as anywhere else. Indeed men, and women, too, who have recognized this have been known to spend more time on the sand, in full view of the spectators and for their benefit, than in the surf for the benefit of themselves. But this is not considered good form, even though the figures of the exhibitors be unusually good. This fact suggests the remark that there is as well-defined an etiquette of the surf as of the ball-room or the dinner-table. And it is well to understand the rules, for the sea is a liquid democracy and no respecter of persons. The first rule is, not to be disrespectful to the sea or to other persons who are in the surf at the same time. The foolhardy bather not only runs a risk of losing his own life, but he makes all the other bathers uncomfortable out of apprehension for his or her safety. It is nearly always the case that the drowned person was a good swimmer. Even the bold

and passionate Leander braved the Hellespont once too often.

Another important rule of the surf is that no bather should cry out or scream in merriment or play. Such cries distract the attention of the bathing-master, who must discriminate between those really in danger and those merely pretending to be. Then, again, there are many timid persons who go into the surf not because they like it, but because they have been advised to go for their health's sake. These boisterous outcries fill such persons with terror and counteract all the good effects of the bath. Consideration of others is of just as much importance in the ocean as on the dry land. It is not necessary to bathe so soberly that all fun is banished, but temperance of merriment is very much to be commended. A lady was recently heard to say, after returning from her bath, at a resort on the New Jersey coast, that the ocean seemed to smell of cocktails. That remark reminds us to say that if men must have cocktails the better time to take them is when they have come out of the ocean and not before going in. But the best time, probably, is not at all. There are many other rules, to be sure. Don't splash, is one; don't paw a fellow-bather all over in a silly effort to assist that bather over the breakers, is another; don't duck timid children beneath the water, is a third; don't take dogs into the water where ladies and gentlemen are swimming, is a fourth. And so on, and so on.

When the dog star is raging and the sun with full baking power seems to be standing still, a dip and a plunge in the surf is a most delightful and healthful thing. But the diversion has its perils, and not the least of these is made by those who disregard the rules that are thus briefly outlined as the etiquette of the surf.

PARTY PLATFORMS NOT BINDING.

IS there such a thing as political consistency and integrity of purpose? The Democratic party carried the last election on certain specific declarations of principle concerning finance and the tariff. Every Democratic newspaper and orator pledged the party to embody these vital declarations in statutory form. Now, confronted by a grave emergency, they coolly repudiate their platform and insist that infidelity

to its promises is the very highest patriotism. The *New York Times*, for instance, denounces as "twaddle" all talk about living up to platform pledges, and characterizes as "political simpletons" all persons "who believe or profess to believe that because in last year's convention some pestiferous idiot or mischief-making tool of faction succeeded in writing a lot of dangerous nonsense into its platform the Democratic party must therefore 'stick to its pledges,' though it beat its brains out in the effort."

The *Times*, if we remember rightly, approved in the last campaign all the "dangerous nonsense" of the Democratic platform, and supported the candidates placed upon it. Does it suppose that it commands itself to its readers by now confessing that it co-operated with "idiots" and "mischief-makers" in forcing upon the country a policy admittedly vicious and unsafe? It is simply amazing that any reputable journal should commit itself, conspicuously, to the doctrine that a party is under no obligations to carry out its pledges to the people; that, in other words, fraud and deception may be rightfully used as a means to success, and that offenses against political decency and honor, not to say the public morals, may be condoned with impunity.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

How is this? The Colorado banks, forty-seven in number, had in their vaults, at their last report, \$1,809,365 in gold coin, and only \$170,084 in silver dollars, and \$80,644 in silver fractional coin. It is hard to reconcile this state of affairs with the professed preference of Coloradans for silver. But the fact is not exceptional. The same statement applies to all the silver States. It might be well for some of the silver champions to explain the incongruity.

WHEN the Judge Publishing Company abandoned the historic down-town newspaper centre and established itself in the larger breathing-spaces of the up-town district, its course was quite generally criticised in newspaper circles as a mistaken one. Isolating itself from the financial and business centres, the focus of metropolitan activities, its business, it was said, could not be conducted advantageously, and there were some who even imagined that serious disaster would overtake the experiment. The result has proved the utter fallacy of these predictions. We were simply pioneers in a movement which in time must become general. The first to follow our example is the *New York Herald*, whose sagacious proprietor early discerned the advantage of locating up-town, and proceeded to build a home for his great establishment at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. This building, complete in every appointment, was occupied for the first time on the 20th instant. We welcome our contemporary to the serener latitudes of

the avenues, and we are confident that his change of habitat will be found as profitable as it will be enjoyable.*

In an address at the African Ethnological Congress in Chicago, recently, Mr. John M. Langston, of Virginia, one of the ablest and most influential negroes of the country, declared himself in favor of an amendment to the national Constitution placing an educational qualification upon the suffrage. "I am opposed," he said, "to allowing any negro to vote who cannot read and write; and I am opposed to allowing any white man to vote who cannot read and write." Mr. Langston added that the best men of his race agreed with him in their readiness to submit to an educational test. However this may be, there can be no doubt that the sentiment in favor of such a test is growing in all parts of the country. Its adoption would at once dignify the suffrage and contribute in a measure to the solution of the negro question in the States which now make the ignorance of the black a pretext for a denial of his constitutional rights. *

WHITE-CAP outrages at the South are declining in popularity and are likely to become less frequent as public opinion arrays itself more decisively against them. In several recent instances the perpetrators of outrages of this character have been sharply punished by law-abiding citizens, while in others the courts have asserted their authority in a manner at once impressive and effectual. In some localities, however, lawlessness is still alarmingly prevalent. Thus, in one district in Alabama where political animosities seem to be peculiarly acute, a gang of lawless desperadoes has for a time maintained a reign of terror which threatens to depopulate the community. Citizens are represented to be "selling out" and seeking refuge elsewhere, while some, being unable to find purchasers, have abandoned their property and fled beyond the reach of real or imaginary enemies. Such a condition of affairs is disgraceful to any civilized State and may well awaken solicitude. But it is some compensation to know that these disorders no longer find justification anywhere in a dominant public opinion.

THE Society for the Prevention of Vice recently addressed a letter to the police board of this city embodying distinct charges against the captain of the Eleventh Precinct. These charges were to the effect that certain forms of vice and crime are flaunted openly in the face of the public in that particular precinct; that their existence is well known to the officer in command, and that they are permitted because protection is purchased of the police by those concerned in their prosecution. A number of the obnoxious places are specifically named in the letter. The accused officer answered the charges by abusing the accusers and the police board declined to read the letter, holding that its perusal would be "a waste of time." Do these commissioners really suppose that the public will be content with such a contemptuous treatment of grave and definite charges against the integrity and efficiency of the police department? Is the prevalence of vice and crime a matter of so much unconcern to them that they can afford to affront in this way the moral sentiment of the community? These gentlemen will do well to remember that, whatever people may think of the methods of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, they are in sympathy with its purpose, and will not look with complacency upon any official policy which tends to make that purpose impossible of attainment.

It is becoming apparent that the free-silver men in Congress propose to make their real fight over the proposition to authorize free coinage at a ratio of twenty to one. Every one who has given careful consideration to the subject understands that this readjustment of ratio would aggravate rather than diminish the existing financial disorders; but there are many persons who are no doubt deceived by the counter representations of the silver advocates, and for such the statement recently made by Secretary Carlisle, showing just what would be the effect of adopting the new proposition, will have a peculiar interest and value. Mr. Carlisle shows that the coining value of the 419,332,450 silver dollars coined since 1878 would, at the proposed ratio, be only \$333,222,162, or \$84,110,288 less than their present face value; that to recoin these dollars would require the addition of new bullion costing \$75,883,700, and that there would be a loss from abrasion and in the melting of these dollars of at least \$3,000,000, which amount, together with the difference in the face value of the coins (\$84,110,288), would have to be reimbursed to the Treasury by an appropriation for that purpose. In addition to this the cost of transportation, labor, and material in recoinage would be \$10,858,200, so that the aggregate cost of recoining the silver dollars would be \$89,741,900. The cost of recoining the subsidiary silver into an equal amount of fractional coin at a ratio of twenty to one would be about \$23,124,421. The aggregate cost to the country, therefore, of the experiment suggested by the free-coinage party would be \$112,866,321. There are, no doubt, a good many wrong-headed men in Congress, but we suspect that there are not enough of them to carry through any such proposition as this.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF SOUSA'S BAND, AND GILMORE'S SUCCESSOR AT MANHATTAN BEACH.—[SEE PAGE 143.]



ANOTHER MONSTROSITY IN SCULPTURE—THE PROPOSED COLUMBUS AND ISABELLA GROUP FOR CAPITOL HILL, WASHINGTON, D. C.
[SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]



IN BROADWAY—FASHIONS OLD AND NEW.

IN BROADWAY.

Down the street, as long ago,
The tide-like crowd keeps ebb and flow;
Down from the great world of blue
Float the far chimes, clear and true—
Trinity's to Grace Church call;
Who has seen the ghosts that glide
With the living, side by side,
When the lengthening shadows fall?

Ghosts of strollers up and down
In the old-time vanished town;
Faces that were seen of men
Ere the century's years were ten,
Buried ere their curls were gray;
Fashions, dead as those long hid
With Rameses in his pyramid,
In the sunshine walk Broadway.

Oh, the wondrous, noiseless stream
Of those shadows of a dream!
Colors that no dyes restore,
Patterns new in days of yore,
Phantom bonnets obsolete;
Marvelous flowers, Paris-born,
Sandaled slippers, long outworn,
Treading soundlessly the street.

Solferinos flaunting red,
Ashes of pale roses dead,
Buff and tan and apple-green,
Gorgeous blues of Mazarine,
Once again the sunshine sees;
Flapping Leghorns, well bedight
With rosette and streamer bright,
Ruffle in the summer breeze.

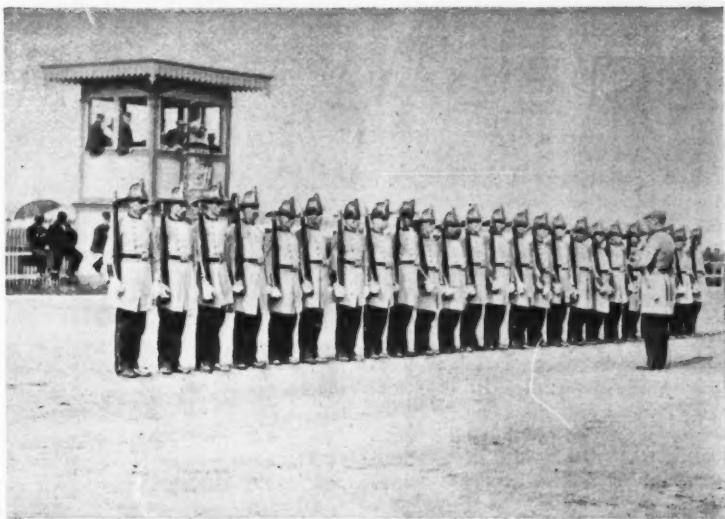
And I watch the soundless show
Ever floating to and fro,
Year by year a lengthening line,
Stretching on through shade and shine;
Quainter shapes and rarer dyes
Fade into forgotten things—
Fancies swift to spread their wings
As the summer swallow flies.

You, oh, maid of Ninety-three,
With these shades a shade shall be!
All your quaint confections lost
In with older patterns lost,
Antiquated, laid away;
Out of date both sleeve and skirt,
Tripled cape and ruffles pert—
One more ghost to walk Broadway!

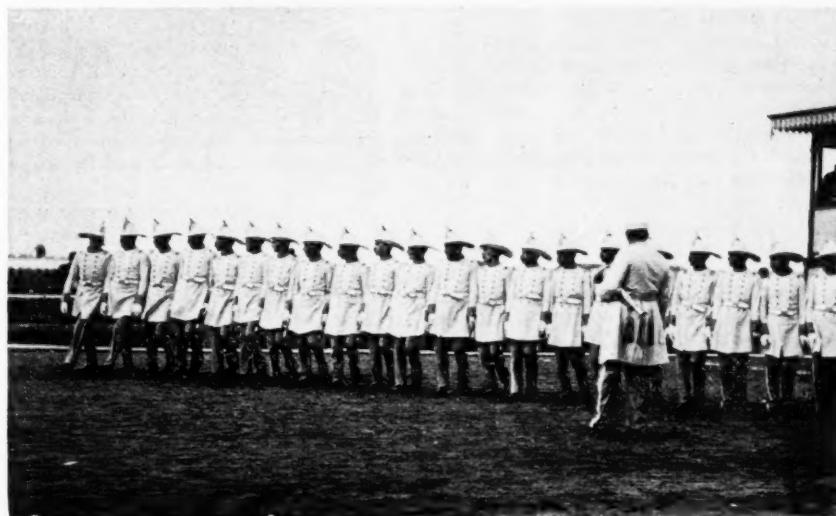
G. A. DAVIS.



HOSE-CART RACE—"THEY'RE OFF!"



PRIZE DRILL—J. R. DURKEE HOSE COMPANY NO. 3, FORT EDWARD, NEW YORK.



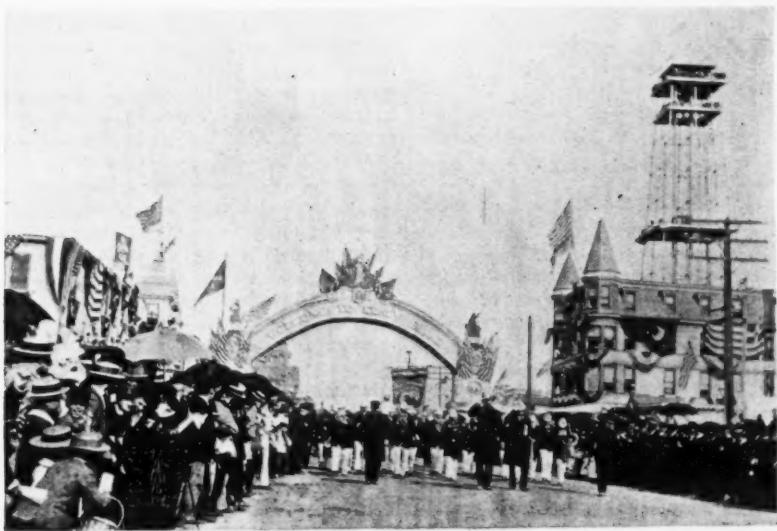
PRIZE DRILL—FORT DAYTON STEAMER COMPANY NO. 2, HERKIMER, N. Y.



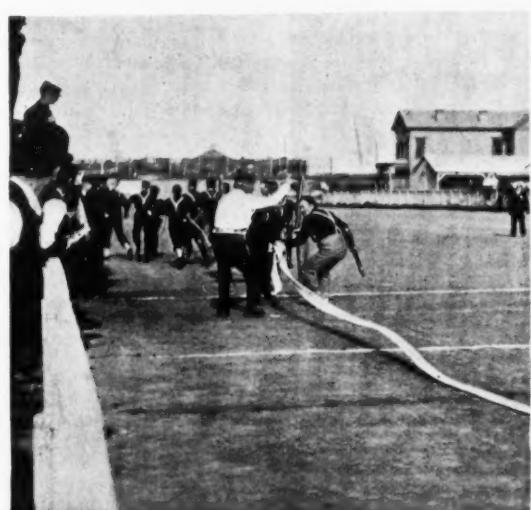
HAND-ENGINE CONTEST—PLAYING HOSE FOR DISTANCE.



COMPANIES ENTERING THE RACE-TRACK IN THE MORNING.



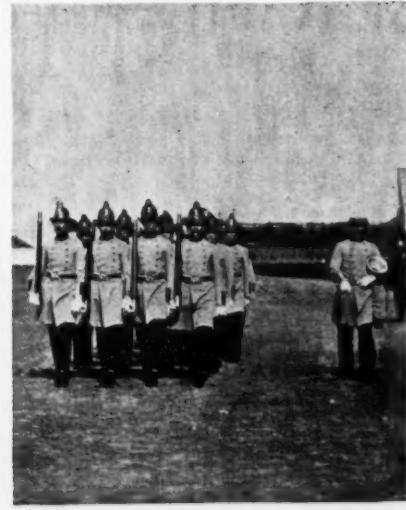
VIEWING THE PROCESSION.



HOSE-CART RACE—MAKING THE COUPLING.



HAND-ENGINE CONTEST—GETTING AIR OUT OF THE HOSE.



PRIZE DRILL—J. R. DURKEE HOSE COMPANY NO. 3 COMING ON TO TRACK.

UNCLE DAVY'S SCHEME.

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

OLD Uncle Davy leaned upon his lawn-mower, cross and dispirited. All his blandishments and cajolings had that day failed to win a quarter of a dollar from the new-comers at the Sugar Springs summer hotel, and he feared he would go home that night without having earned the price of the tobacco for his after-supper smoke. To be sure, the hotel proprietor had offered him a dollar for mowing the hotel lawn, and with ordinary industry it could be mowed in less than a day, but Uncle Davy accounted it a direct loss to earn a dollar by the sweat of his black brow when quarters could be earned by a few adroit compliments. So the mowing of the lawn had dragged for a week, and bid fair to become like the task of Sisyphus. So slowly did Uncle Davy work that the grass verily grew under his feet, and although he had completely mowed the lawn once, the grass had grown as fast as he mowed, and he could not call the hotel proprietor to view a completed task and pay him a dollar.

"Nebber see sech a stingy set in my born'd days as dese bo'ders at de hotel," muttered Uncle Davy to himself. "Dey won't even give me one o' dem 'two-for-a-nickel' segares dey smokes—for I reckon dey is too stingy to smoke nuffin' mo' costly. Ah, good-evenin', young marsa," he continued in a cheery tone, bowing and scraping to a smartly-dressed young fellow passing by. "Is you on a beautiful walk, 's evenin'?"

"No; I am on a board walk," Uncle Davy replied the young fellow, with difficulty denying himself the indulgence of a smile at his own witticism.

"Glory! you's as witty as a blue jay, young marsa, an' jes' as peart an' wears as fine cloes. I knew you was a ladies' man de minnit I see you—all dressed up so fine, an' walkin' so graceful, like you dance mo'n you walk. I jes' done did do it, 'pon my soul. Whar'd you say you come from? Up Norf, you say?"

"Michigan."

"Good glory! How's it seem to be down whar you kin keep warm?"

"We keep just as warm as you do."

"I reckon you all wear sheep-skins: dey would keep you all warm. What town do you live in?"

"Ann Arbor."

"For de lan's sake! is dat so, young marsa? Is dat so? Befo' de war I use to live at Culpepper Co't House, Virginyah, on de estate of old Judge Caringfo'd, an' I remember dat de Caringfo'd boys went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to school. Did you know de Caringfo'd boys? Co'se not; you's too young for dat."

"I have heard of them. They belong to the same college society that I do, and I have seen their names in the society records."

"You doan' say? Glory! but I'd like to see dem Caringfo'ds. Dey was gords to me. I did lub dem Caringfo'ds. If I could only see one of 'em now I'd jest natcheraly eat him right up like he was ham. De Caringfo'ds was rich. Dey had money, an' land, an' servants, an' hosses, an' evryting. Dey had one daughter, a red-hade. Jim Caringfo'd, he took to preachin' for a while, den he got disgusted an' took to sellin' cotton. Doan' know what disgusted him. 'Pears like one o' de deacons in de chu'ch swapped a ole busted beaver hat for a bran' new silk one Jim handed him for to pass round among de congregation, an' dat disgusted Jim, an' he dropped de chu'ch. Mus' you be goin', young marsa? I feel highly honored to have met you, young marsa. Much obliged for yo' company."

"Here is a quarter for you, Uncle Davy," said the young man, loftily. "They tell me at the hotel that when you stop the guests and compliment them you expect to be rewarded with a quarter."

"Gord bress you, young marsa," said the old man. "Much obliged for de quarter. Dem bo'ders at de hotel is wrong about my expectin' a quarter when I talks to 'em. I hopes for a quarter, young marsa, but I doan' expec' nuffin' from sech a lot of stingy bo'ders as dey is at de hotel dis summer."

"Do you see that old man across the lawn there. Uncle Davy, going down to the spring with two water-bottles? Do you ever get money from him?"

"Dat poor ole man? He's too poor. He ain't got nuffin' to give me."

"He is the richest man about here. He is that rich Mr. Bondell who has just bought that fine cottage at the other end of the grounds. He lives in St. Louis, and two years ago gave five thousand dollars to a young man who rescued him from being run over by a runaway team."

"Goodness! an' I ain't hardly been speakin' to dat ole gen'leman. I thought he was some poor ole groun'-hog that never seen a quarter. I wish a team of hosses would come runnin' in heah now after dat ole gen'leman. I'd biff 'em on de hude wif de lawn-mower. I wish he'd slip down on de parf to de spring an' ben' his neck so he'd think he was goin' to choke to dyeth, an' I'd run up an' twis' it straight agin. I'm goin' to save dat ole gen'leman's life somehow an' git five thousan' dollars. Laws-a-massy! he mus' be one o' dem millionaires. How much is five thousan' dollars, young marsa? I reckon it would buy all Sugar Springs an'a hunk o' Sedalia."

With the golden possibility of five thousand dollars before him, Uncle Davy could work no more that afternoon, and he put the lawn-mower in its place and followed Mr. Bondell to the spring, in the hope that some opportunity of saving the old man's life might arise. But though for days thereafter Davy followed Mr. Bondell like a black shadow wherever he went, the infirm old man never was in any strait that called for the intervention of his self-constituted guardian. At last Davy came to the conclusion that if Mr. Bondell was to be in peril and in need of succor, he himself must be the author of the peril as well as the bearer of aid. He thereupon turned over in his mind several schemes of various degrees of feasibility. He might have Mr. Bondell attacked by a fictitious nocturnal highwayman and, suddenly appearing, boldly put the highwayman to flight, but as the only person he could trust sufficiently to employ as the fictitious highwayman was his grandson Tobias, aged fifteen, and, moreover, Mr. Bondell never stirred out of doors after nightfall, he rejected the plan. At length his brain conceived a scheme that seemed absolutely faultless, and he at once proceeded to put it into execution.

A few miles from the village was a small, rocky hill, among the crevices of whose outcropping ledges lived a colony of rattlesnakes. Several of the boys of the neighborhood had achieved reputations for their skill in entrapping the deadly reptiles, and drove quite a thriving trade with the zoologically inclined summer visitors. Davy's grandson Tobias was perhaps the most successful snake-hunter of them all, and had been known to receive as much as two dollars for an exceptionally large snake. Davy had observed that it was the custom of Mr. Bondell to spend a portion of every afternoon under the shade of some trees that grew upon a great cliff overhanging the La Mine River. Every afternoon, about the time when the sun-dial in front of the hotel marked the hour of three, Mr. Bondell would fill his water-bottle at the spring-house, and then seeking the cliff, would sit for hours gazing down the deep, rock-bound gorge of the river. The cliff was a huge pillar of stone that rose from the river, entirely detached from the earth behind, inaccessible except by a little wooden bridge that spanned the chasm between its flat top and the bank. High bushes fringed the bank, and one could watch the top of the cliff unseen by any one upon it.

At the hour of noon, when he was sure that no inquisitive guests would be about the grounds to ply him with questions, Davy stole down to the cliff, gingerly carrying a small chicken-coop against whose slats lay the folds of a large rattlesnake. Close behind him followed Tobias, bearing a forked stick, the fork just large enough to fit about the snake's neck and hold it to the ground.

"Now you, Tobe, I'll jes' hide dis box in de bushes, an' when de ole man Bondell comes down I'll let de snaik out and shove him long de bridge todes de ole man, an' lay ash-leaves behin', an' no rattler will cross ash-leaves. Jes' when de ole man is mos' sca'd to dyeth I'll come runnin' out wif a club an' kill de snaik. You set down an' look at de snaik while I fling away all de sticks an' stones dey is on de rock,

so de ole man won't have nuffin' to fight de snaik wi!"

"But de ole man caies a cane," said young Tobias.

"I reckon you'll have to creep out an' steal it as soon as he gits to dreamin' if you want to see me git five thousan' dollars. 'Pears to me if he'd give a young man in St. Louis five thousand dollars for savin' his life, he'd give me, an' ole man out in Sugar Springs, half a dollar or a quarter mo', an' I'll give dat half or a quarter to you, Tobe, 'deed I will."

Uncle Davy soon cleared the top of the cliff of all missiles and sticks and lay down beneath a tree to plan the approaching campaign. He appreciated the value of a climax and decided to let Mr. Bondell become hard pressed before he came to the rescue, rightly arguing that the size of his reward would be commensurate with the danger Mr. Bondell experienced. From plans of the attack and rescue he passed to plans for spending the five thousand dollars, and from day-dreams he passed to real dreams, and was soon snoring melodiously. His slumbers were disturbed by a harsh, rasping sound as of tearing wood. He leaped to his feet and saw the guilty face of Tobe peering anxiously out of the bushes on the bank.

"What you doin'?" inquired Uncle Davy with severity.

"I was jes' givin' de snaik a toad to eat. De toad was too big to go fraw between de slats an' I pulled off de eu' of one slat to git de toad in."

"Let dat snaik alone. He doan' want no toad. Git away from heah befo' I tar de hide offen you. Git away, I say!" yelled the old man.

"Cayn't I jes' put de slat——"

"Git away, I tell you," interrupted Uncle Davy as Tobe accompanied his words by a movement toward the hiding-place of the snake's cage. "Git away, you trillin', wuthless nigger, ef you doan' want me to tar yo' hide all off an' make it into leather straps, an' whop you wif 'em until de blood done run;" and he started threateningly toward his grandson.

The boy fled away with great bounds, and Davy sat down beneath the tree once more.

"I wish I knew how long I was sleepin'. I reckon it mus' be mos' time for dat ole millionaire to come stumpin' along. Reckon I'd better git ready for him;" and Davy rose to his feet chuckling gleefully. "Gosh! won't Bondell jump when he sees dat—snaik?"

The last word was uttered in a horrified shriek, for there before him was the snake, lying coiled on the little bridge. His forked stick was lying by the snake's whilom prison. He had thrown away all means of protection when he had cast all the stones and sticks on the cliff into the river below, and now there seemed nothing to do but to cast himself after them. Tobe had been about to replace the loosened slat of the cage when ordered away so peremptorily.

The snake lay on the bridge quietly enough, and Davy cautiously approached it with a view to leaping over it, but the creature coiled itself and sprung its rattle as he drew near.

"Oh, Lordy!" groaned the poor old fellow. "I'd give a quarter to anybody who'll save my life. I wonner if I cayn't shoo him off shakin' my hat at him."

Taking his ancient head-piece of stiff white felt he hurled it at the snake and followed it by a large plug of tobacco and a clay pipe. These missiles angered the snake, and it started toward its tormentor. Davy leaped about in an ecstasy of terror, giving vent to the most frightful howls. No matter where he dodged, the snake seemed to bar the way, and at last held him a prisoner upon a sharp, projecting corner that jutted out over a deep swimming-pool in the river. He had ceased his calls for help some moments before, and a semi-calmness had succeeded his abject fear. The only way for him to escape was to leap into the river. The deep pool would effectually break his fall. He was on his knees preparatory to swinging himself off the cliff, when there was a spluttering crash before him, and the snake, crushed by a great water-bottle, writhed in agony. A second bottle followed the first, and Mr. Bondell came running across the little bridge, and with his stout cane proceeded to belabor out of the snake the few sparks of life yet remaining in it.

Uncle Davy stared at his preserver in silence. Providence has gainsaid the blush to the black race. In the spasmodic grin that overspread the rescued man's face it would be difficult to tell whether joy or shame was expressed.

"There, he is finished," said Mr. Bondell, exultingly, as he cut the rattles from the tail of the mangled reptile.

Uncle Davy fumbled in his pockets irresolutely, and then, gazing at his preserver inquiringly, held out to him a grimy quarter.

THE OLD-FASHIONED BANKS OF INDIA.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone arose in the House of Commons, on the evening of June 26th, to announce the recommendations of Lord Herschell's committee on the Indian currency question, and the acceptance of these recommendations by the Indian government, the Hon. Mr. Goschen was much concerned about the future of the one hundred million rupees in silver in the hands of the natives of India. Mr. Gladstone had explained that silver on the way to India, shipped before a knowledge of the closing of the mints, might possibly be still admitted to free coinage, when Mr. Goschen asked if that would not establish a great difference between silver in the hands of Europeans and silver in the hands of the natives of India, adding that he did not mean the coined silver, but the one hundred million rupees of bullion silver; and whether it would be fair to exclude this from coinage. The question arises, Where is this great amount of silver? It is certainly not in what we in the United States understand as banks, for there are no such institutions in India except in a few of the larger cities. A part of it is undoubtedly held in the merchant bazaars and by the silver arificers. The rest represents the savings of the teeming millions of India, and is hoarded by them on, not in, old-fashioned Indian banks.

We present two illustrations of such banks. Let the reader not smile. For generations the Indians, both prince and coolie, high caste and low caste, have been in the habit of converting their savings into an easily portable shape and



HER OWN BANK.

hoarding it in boxes or using it for purposes of adornment. Thus some of these Indian princes have become famous for their collections of diamonds, others for great collections of rubies, others still for emeralds. Some of the high-caste Hindus are noted for the number and size of their strong-boxes filled with gold, and for the profuse display of the yellow metal upon occasions of state. The poor coolies, however, who constitute 260,000,000 out of the 275,000,000 inhabitants of India, and whose daily wage never exceeds twenty cents, are enabled to save only by the most rigid economy. Under these circumstances gold in any shape is generally beyond the reach of the coolie. To make any show of his savings he must invest them in silver. The manner of saving is quite interesting. It generally commences when the girl is betrothed. Her parents give her a small silver coin now and then, when they can afford it, and when a number of these have accumulated they are melted down into a bracelet or ring. These finally constitute her dowry. It is from her lover, however, that she receives most—rings for the toes and fingers, anklets, bracelets and armlets, necklaces, both of coins and of the square, odd-looking pattern shown in the cut, and small golden ear-rings later on. If the lover should be well to do, or fortunate in his work, a nose-ring is added to the collection. This is always of gold, and will occasionally contain a cheap stone, as garnet or ordinary sapphire. At times a silver belt is welded around the girl's waist. This is always cut when the girl is married. These presents continue after marriage, serving as a provision against old age or indigence. This method of saving naturally implies that the girl remains faithful to the man to whom

she is betrothed, and—to the credit of the sex be it said—this, except in rare instances, is the case. Sometimes, however, frailty does prevail, and then neither judge nor jury is called in to



SHE WEARS HER FORTUNE.

mete out punishment. The lover, perhaps aided by the parents of the girl, stabs her, takes off the jewelry, and throws her body in the jungle or river. If they are married the husband alone visits punishment upon her.

There is probably no class of people in the world so much affected by the continued depreciation of silver as the poor coolies of India. For many years up to 1873, the price of silver bullion continued nearly constant at sixty pence per ounce, which made the rupee worth forty-eight cents. During all this time, silver ornaments made from coin could be sold for almost their cost, the only difference being the value of the work, which was small. In 1890, following the passage of the Sherman Silver-purchase act, the price of bullion silver arose to \$1.19 per ounce, but this value was maintained for a few days only, and rapidly fell so that the average for a year was but \$1.04 per ounce. In 1891 it was 98 cents; in 1892, 87 cents, and for the first half of the present year, 83 cents. This latter price made the rupee worth about 28 cents, a decline since 1873 of 20 cents, or 41½ per cent. in its exchange or international purchasing power. During all this time, however, the rupee had maintained pretty nearly the same purchasing power in India itself, and, what is more important, the native owner of bullion or silver ornaments could send them to the mint and have them coined into rupees at a charge of two per cent. Now, however, owing to the recent action of the India Council, all this is changed, and the loss consequent upon depreciation falls directly upon the native. It is possible that the Indian government will buy this bullion and coin it, but the government can pay only bullion rates, now 73 cents an ounce, the native thereby losing 24 cents on each rupee's weight in bullion sold. This means a loss of 50 per cent., or \$24,000,000 on the 100,000,000 rupees owned by the natives. This does not seem a very large sum of money divided among 260,000,000 people, until it is recollected that it represents nearly half the money savings of this vast number during several generations.

There is still another side to the question. There is supposed to be in circulation in India not less than \$1,200,000,000 in silver rupees. Of this sum \$600,000,000 was coined before 1873, when silver passed in the world's commerce at the ratio of 15½ to 1. The owners of this have consequently lost at present prices not less than \$300,000,000. On the remaining \$600,000,000 coined since 1873 the loss has not been so great, but it may safely be put at \$150,000,000. From all these items it is gathered that the loss to the people of India in the international purchasing power of their money during the last twenty years has been about \$400,000,000.

THE NEW KOSTER & BIAL'S.

MUSIC halls in London and Paris are an institution in these great capitals which hold a recognized place in the ranks of popular amusements. The critics and highest-class lovers of the drama, particularly in London, deplore their existence, not upon any moral grounds, but upon those of high art and the welfare of the drama. But the public—the public there as well as here—has over and over again decided beyond controversy that it cares very little

about high art in the drama, and thus it is that such artists as Countess Clancy *née* Belle Bilton; Lottie Collins, who is responsible for "Ta-ra-ra"—a load of debt enough to crush an average mortal; Loie Fuller, who is now disporting her skirts at the Garden Theatre; Zoette Guibert, the idol of the Café Chantant of Paris; Alfred Chevalier, the famous "costermonger" delineator, and other celebrated songbirds such as Maggie Cline, who belongs to us, are living on the fat of the land for doing one act a night at two hundred and fifty dollars a week, when aspiring Juliets are a drug upon the theatrical market, and leading men are at a discount for a good advance upon a season's salary.

But the music hall has its place in New York as well as abroad, not because our people are lacking in taste or intelligence, or have little interest in plays and dramatic productions which have intrinsic merit; but because our amusement-loving public has grown to such proportions that there is a *clientèle* for all kinds and all grades of theatrical entertainment. There is in New York a vast class of local idlers, reinforced by our floating population, who want to drift into some kind of an evening's amusement where a cigar and a glass of beer are not tabooed, and where mirth may be found, and such theatrical devices as please the eye and rest the mind.

Koster & Bial are the pioneers in this country in the establishment of this class of theatrical resorts. Their place on Twenty-third Street originally started as a concert hall, with an admirable orchestra led by Rudolph Bial, and vocalists as the soloists on the programme; from this it gradually developed into a high-class vaudeville theatre and acquired a reputation all its own. The firm are now about to vacate their old stand-by for a larger and more elaborate music hall, originally known as Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, which will, however, in future be known as Koster & Bial's. This house, constructed originally for a high-class theatre, is peculiarly adapted in its design to the purposes of a music hall. It has two tiers of boxes, which are so *persona grata* to patrons of vaudeville, large *foyers*, and altogether a *laissez aller* appearance. It is tastefully decorated, and, with the alterations in contemplation, will make an almost ideal resort of its kind. Koster & Bial are first-class amusement eaters; they understand thoroughly the public taste, and can be relied upon to serve up the best vaudeville bill-of-fare that the markets of Europe and at home can supply. Their intentions are to supply the highest class vaudeville and add to it elaborate ballets on the scale of the Alhambra and Empire in London, and the Paris Eden Theatre before its destruction; this scheme will materially add to the popularity of their enterprise.

"Versailles" will be revived—a great success here and at the London Empire, with Miss Clara Quadt as *première danseuse*, a most capable and attractive artiste.

Another admirable innovation upon the old policy of the firm is in reference to the matinées; there will only be one a week, and that on Saturday. On these occasions all smoking and the sale of liquid refreshments will be entirely suspended throughout the entire house, the intention being to make the matinées ladies' and children's days, as the programme will be of such a nature that no offense can be taken by the most sensitive. This is a laudable scheme and will be sure to meet with the fullest success. Altogether the outlook for the new enterprise is most promising. H. P. M.

QUAINT AND HISTORIC PROVINCETOWN.

PROVINCETOWN, the tip end of Cape Cod and of Yankee land, which "stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds and the relentless smiting of the waves," is unique. The only place resembling it is Nantucket, sea-girt and sandy, with all its traditions and associations of the sea; and, like Nantucket, Provincetown still has its town-crier, ringing his bell and announcing, in a high monotone, the latest news.

The town is unique in its harbor, for no other so beautiful breaks the whole Atlantic coast. Four miles long and two wide, it lies in the summer sun like a great turquoise, with the low circle of sandy shore as its setting. Broad and deep enough to shelter a navy, not a rock or bar lurks under its placid surface. It is impossible not to associate the town with the harbor, for it was in this safe haven that the storm-beaten *Mayflower* took refuge in 1620, and the Pilgrim Fathers spent the first Sunday in America. On the next day the men went ashore to build the shallop and explore the coast, and the women to dedicate Monday to washing. In this harbor Peregrine White, the first Pilgrim

baby, was born; here was also the first death, when Dorothy Bradford, wife of William Bradford, afterward Governor of the colony, was drowned. In the cabin of the *Mayflower*, while she lay in Provincetown harbor, was drawn up and signed that compact which has been the corner-stone of American liberty.

These events were formerly commemorated by a marble tablet placed on the town hall by the Cape Cod Historical Association, but the hall was burned in 1877, and now efforts are being made to erect a suitable monument. The harbor was what attracted the first settlers. They came from Plymouth, first to Barnstable then to Eastham, then down the cape to Truro, and from there to Provincetown in 1714. And on account of the splendid harbor years ago the State of Massachusetts claimed its shores for public use. The State has many times since reasserted its right to these province lands, and now proposes to appropriate and beautify them for a State marine park. It is for this reason that the title to ownership in the land is not perfect.

The town itself hugs the curving shore for three miles so closely that the cellars are sometimes flooded. The early inhabitants built their houses facing the water, and had no wish for road or horse, but found a boat a convenient vehicle. Even now the old people say "up along shore" and "down along shore" for up-town and down-town. About the year 1830 the United States government paid to the town a sum of money out of that received from France for damages to shipping in 1812. The young men then proposed to spend that money in building a road and sidewalk through the town. This was stoutly opposed by the old men, but after a heated debate in town meeting for a week the yeas got it. They, however, were obliged to compromise their plan for a sixty-foot road to one twenty-five feet wide, and that was a pity, for to-day the narrow road is the principal thoroughfare of the town, and is so packed on both sides by large dwellings and stores that it would be very difficult and expensive, if not impossible, to widen it. But some of the nays were so bitter against the extravagance of a road and a sidewalk that they declared they would never walk on it, and they never did, but to the end of their days plodded on through the soft sand just above the high-water mark.

It astonishes strangers who notice the well-kept grassy lawns and flower-beds to be told that every spoonful of soil has been imported. The native soil is coarse, white sand, which can sustain no vegetation except straggling beach-grass. But for years cargoes of shells, gravel, clay, and loam have been spread on the sand, till now the roads are fairly hard, and with plenty of water and patience summer vegetables, grapes and flowers flourish.

You will find in Provincetown some families of purest Puritan blood and strictest Puritan morals. The old names appear again and again in the church and town records, but, alas! those old families are fast disappearing, and Portuguese are coming in to take their places.

The extreme end of terra firma, called Long Point, separating the waters of the harbor from those of Massachusetts Bay, is only a few feet wide, and across the town from the harbor to the "Backside," washed by the ocean, is only a couple of miles. The homes of the people so pleasantly near the harbor are sheltered by a range of low hills covered by bushes and small trees; beyond them the great white sand-dunes sweep away to the ocean. These sand-hills are as shifting as snow, and every winter gale drives the sand before it, blowing away old hills and piling up new ones. This "Backside" shore is as dangerous as the harbor is safe, for the dreaded Peaked Hill Bars lie hidden a mile out from shore, and woe to the ship that touches on them.

The coast is protected by light-houses and United States life-saving stations, but nothing can save a ship caught in a storm on the outer bar. It is solemn to stand on one of the sand-knolls and see on both sides a glittering Sahara with not a single living thing, not a bird or blade of grass, and hear no sound but the breaking of the waves at your feet as they roll up in slow succession, a waste of waters up to the bending blue of the sky.

When the whaling, mackerel, and cod-fishing business prospered, this town was one of the richest per capita in the State, but now this has all failed and the town seems to be waiting for something to turn up. There is no more desirable beach along the coast than Provincetown's, no better sport for fishermen, no more delightful climate, and a few sojourners have found it so. Probably some day capitalists and speculators will discover it and, waking it out of its quiet slumber with big hotels, brass bands, and all the paraphernalia of a watering-place, make it just like all the others,

destroying forever its quaint, old-time individuality.

NANCY W. P. SMITH.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

No newspaper woman of the time is more widely and favorably known than Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper, whose face smiles out from this page. Mrs. Tupper has achieved eminence by conscientious fidelity to high ideals, joined to industry and courage in meeting and overcoming obstacles. She is a native of Panama, Chautauqua County, New York. Her father is the Hon. Walter L. Sessions, for many years closely identified with Republican politics, and now a member of the State Board of Managers of the World's Fair. Her first professional work was done for the Buffalo *Express*. After her marriage to Horace E. Tupper, a Canadian Englishman and well-known railroad man, she moved to Chicago, where she filled special assignments, doing interviews, etc., for the *Herald*. While there she won the prize of two hundred dollars for the best story of forty thousand words offered by the Chicago *Tribune*. About the same time she furnished the *Herald* a novelette entitled "The Black Diamond Bracelet." These productions achieved for her a high local reputation, but she sighed for a wider sphere and after a while came to New York. For two years she did the New York specials for the Chicago *Herald*, greatly to the satisfaction of her employer, her letters being characterized as the best of the kind ever furnished from the metropolis.

Mrs. Tupper is a prodigious worker. Since her entrance upon newspaper life she has furnished an enormous amount of correspondence for the American Press Association and one of the well-known syndicates. She has done



MRS. EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

specials for the *World*, *Advertiser*, *Press*, *Journal*, and *Recorder*. In the intervals of newspaper employment she has found time to write and publish another novel, entitled "By Whose Hand," and still another, entitled "A Transferred Identity," which will shortly be syndicated by the American Press Association. She has written many short stories and some rhymes. Her pen has earned for her a pleasant New Jersey home on the banks of the Passaic, where her friends find her at work in a "den" whose walls are lined with the pictures of the people she has interviewed. Mrs. Tupper says of herself that she has no fads "save a mania for old dishes—not necessarily china, but any old duds." She lives a simple life, and finds her chief enjoyment in her chosen work. She is bright, vivacious, and full of sympathy for every good and worthy cause. Undoubtedly greater triumphs than any she has yet won still await her.

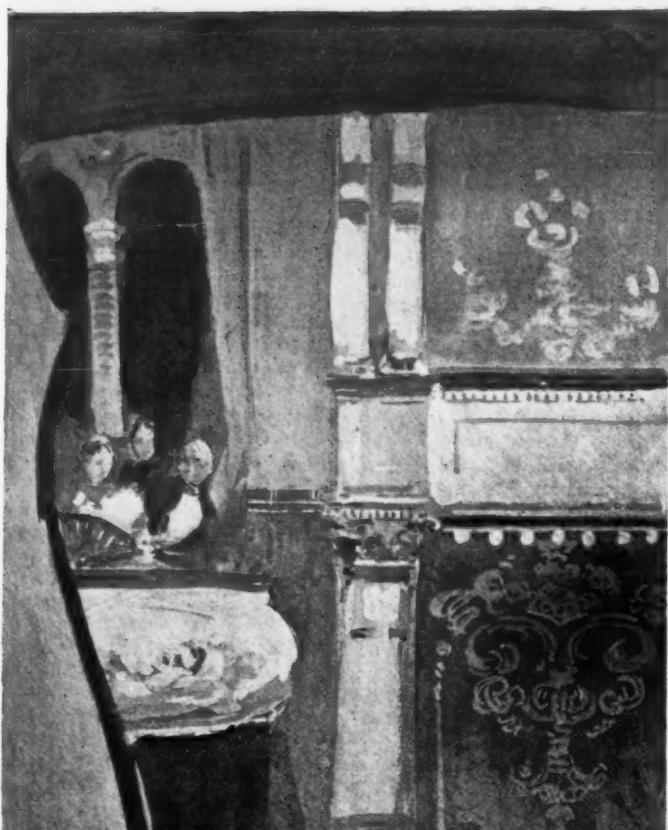
A WHIFF OF VIOLETS.

WHEN Gwendolen pinned in my coat to-night
A cluster of violets blue,
The sweet, subtle scent through my senses went,
Bringing a vision of you.
In a moment I lived again the past,
Ere I'd grown so worldly wise;
Away rolled the years and through the hot tears
I dared not brush from my eyes.

I saw you again, my love. Oh! my love,
With your tenderly smiling face.
Gwen ran up the stair—you came and stood there,
Then crept to my close embrace.
I kissed you once more; the old, wild thrill
Burst over me riotously.
"Jack," called my wife, "did you e'er in your life
Love a woman as well as me?"

With a guilty start I looked quickly round
Sweet ghost! you had quietly gone.
And Gwen, tall and fair, came down the long stair
Humming the waltz from "Nanon."
I flicked the ashes from my cigar,
"No, dear," with a sigh I said—
A sigh for the hours which those wee blue flowers
Brought back from a past long dead.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.



THE BALLET—THE "VERSAILLES."



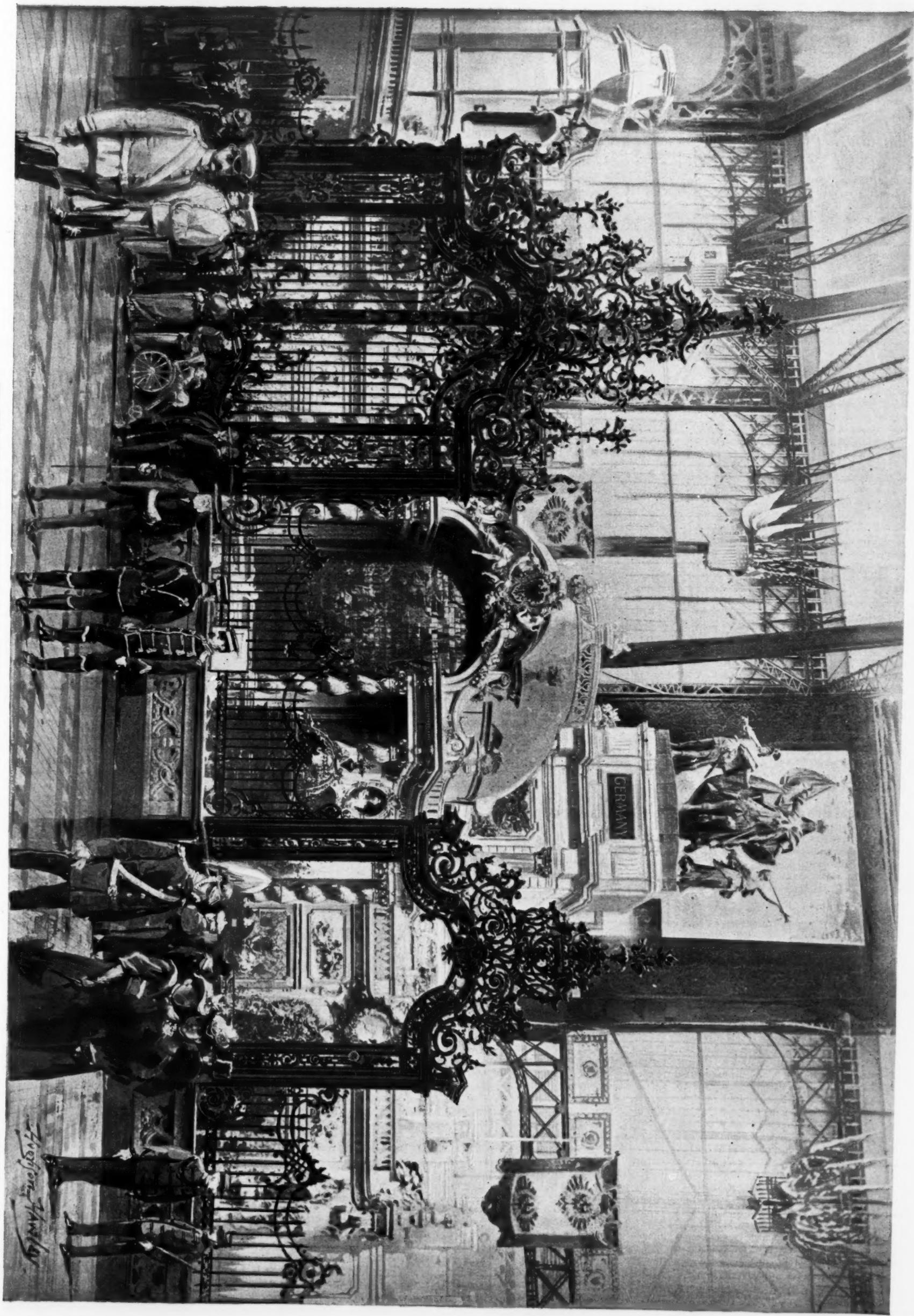
THE PROMENADE.



THE RESTAURANT.

AN INNOVATION IN METROPOLITAN AMUSEMENTS.

A LONDON MUSIC HALL IN NEW YORK—THE OPENING OF THE NEW "KOSTER & BIAL'S."—[SEE PAGE 139.]



THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO—THE GERMAN EXHIBIT.—[SEE PAGE 143.]

Henry F. Miller

THE ANCIENT EARTH SURROUNDED BY SATURN-LIKE RINGS.—IV.

THE ANNULAR THEORY—ITS MEANING, INTENT, AND SCOPE, AS PRESENTED BY ITS AUTHOR.

THE evidence so far presented establishes the certainty of the reign and fall of canopies, and that actual succession of heavens which terminates in the installation of Jupiter, the clear sky, on the celestial throne. The only doubt that can exist in the argument presented consists in the estimate men have been accustomed to put upon the legends we have called up as witnesses. It is plain, however, that those doubts must vanish when the facts upon which those legends are based become known; and these facts are revealed in this case by the very testimony given. It is plain, then, that we cannot allow the common estimate put upon legendary thought to have any place in this investigation. When we begin to measure the length and breadth and depth of this amazing field uncertainty ceases to be an element in the testimony given, for the legends are verified by the very law and order of nature, as seen in the testimony itself. The fact is, that men have never been able to interpret the legend until it was illuminated by the light of the annular sun. Thus illumined, its very simplicity, nay, its very absurdity, is its commendation and passport to recognition.

Think of the infant skies (Jupiter) *hidden*, as the legend states, by its caretakers, and fed on celestial food until it was able to take up arms against its parent on the throne of heaven! What could be more absurd to the man that never saw nor knew of any other heavens than those he now sees? But to him who has in the *order of nature* beheld two heavens or hiding canopies already pass away, the hidden sky (Jupiter) is an absolute necessity and fact; and the legend that testifies of the concealed infant heavens, cared for by nurses, in whose maze they could not be recognized, is truth's faithful representative. In that day of annular clouds, anchored in the extremest heights of the air, were the swaddling-bands and flowing robes of the infant deity, whose mission was to fling aside this ephemeral drapery, take the sceptre and hold it forever. No wonder he was called the "eternal god." As he existed before all canopies as a concealed god, no wonder he was called "*the god that was, and is, and is to be*." No wonder the legends say he was the "father of all the gods." No wonder he was called the "father of his father." And yet no wonder, in the absence of annular light, these legends have been disregarded and ridiculed as "meaningless." We now see that Jupiter was indeed not only the father of his own father, but the father of his grandfather also.

Again let us think of the high-handed acts of Heaven, thrusting his Earth-born sons from his sight under the mortal dread of losing his empire. It is impossible to find one particle of reason in the thought, and in the absence of annular light the legend defies explanation. But with that light we see a grand and orderly chain of celestial events, confirming in the most positive manner the conduct of Heaven. Not only this, but we see the confirmation of the otherwise preposterous assertion of the conspiracy of Mother Earth and her sons to drive him from his throne. We see the weapon of "hoary steel" in the hands of the "god of time." We see him driving back the aged Heaven. We see him mount the throne and rule for unknown time. We see him in deadly conflict with the Titans—giant sons of Heaven, long before the sky-god came into power. And whether we view these successive acts, or contemplate the lapse of time these acts required, we are simply forced to acknowledge the wondrous transition. This mightiest change in the human period has been so nearly lost in the dark waves of oblivion that millions of students have studied its dim memorials in vain to divine their meaning. But another change has come. Oblivion's sea gives up its dead. From nature's "vast cathedral" a voice is heard as from the genius of implacable law. The "process of the suns" has brought another dawn, and man's awakened reason beholds the "increasing purpose," the grand intent.

When we have seen the golden age of Cronus pass away amid the regrets of the human race still echoing in legend and song, and have beheld the immortal sky-god mount the throne of his banished predecessor, we have seen that a new age has begun. "Isis is unveiled." Golden remnants only of the Cronian canopy remain to gild the skies, while the uncovered

sun heats the earth's surface. Vapors arise, and other clouds are born, and air-currents begin their eternal round. New conditions environ the world. Rain, winds, and tempests, thunder and the lightning's flash, all proclaim that a new god sits where old Ouranus and Cronus sat. In all this we see but a repetition of those great world-changes that began away back in the geologic past and continued to this last and crowning act—this last but grandest of acts, which lifted the earth again into a higher plane, where grew the environment-tree of knowledge by the stream of eternal progress. At the same time if we have recognized as truth the fact of temporary and vanishing skies, or the succession of canopies, or even the *lapse of time*, before the advent of Jupiter and the present order of events, we are forced not only to admit that the infant Jupiter was a deity hidden by his nurses until he was ready to assume control of the heavens, but to acknowledge that the most preposterous of legends here becomes the sublimest of truths, and the key that opens to our view the grandest of laws.

Temporary heavens, or a succession of canopies, continuing down till the human period, or until they became the groundwork of legend and song, means, as all men must see, that the annular theory is planted forever upon the rock of truth. It means annular changes, more or less stupendous, throughout all geologic time. It means a shaking of scientific pillars and the unlearning of philosophers. It means that the geologist is forced to take down his cherished "column" to its nethermost stone.

Many years after I had come to the conclusion that Jupiter was the pure sky left after it had been stripped of its screen of vapors, and the only possible successor that could follow the vanishing canopies that had veiled the true heavens, I was gratified beyond measure to find in some one of the writings of Max Müller that he had made the same discovery by following an entirely different line of research. His language, so far as I can recall it, is: "Undoubtedly Zeus was originally the clear sky." This conclusion, announced by such unquestioned authority, coupled with that I have presented, reduces our theory to one of transcendental certainty. We can no longer doubt that the grand processes of world development, as connected with the earth, naturally and unavoidably ultimate in these very conditions and phenomena, that the neglected and despised legend has handed down from age to age. It must then be conceded that the clear sky came into view after unknown centuries of Edenic conditions, during the human period. Is there any wonder that such a thought has lived in the mind of man from the remotest times, and that it is a thought world-wide? Is it strange that a thousand writers of intelligence have sought in vain to locate the Paradise of infant man? Is it strange that that Paradise has been located by different writers in almost every land?

The strangest thing, however, is that that great philologist, perhaps then the highest living authority on the philosophy of language, after he had discovered that Zeus was the clear sky, and had announced it to the world, failed, as well as did all other men, to see the utter importance of his discovery. Zeus as the clear and pure unveiled heavens, son and grandson of temporary and banished heavens, it would seem had no significance with men who had it in their power to lift the mists of the past and enlighten and astonish mankind. If Zeus was the clear sky, then what was his father, and what was his grandfather?—which all men of classic knowledge know were *heavens that disappeared*. Did not that high authority and all his contemporaries know that Zeus usurped a throne and empire that belonged to a predecessor? Did they not know that he established himself on his throne after a long and tremendous conflict with the opposing forces of nature? It would seem that the grand law of world-evolution must have been discovered then, if the memorials of the misty past had been at all regarded. Had they taken heed to the simple but all-significant thought that the infant and youthful Zeus was a concealed or hidden expanse, they must have stumbled upon the fact of a vapor-enshrouded world.

It would seem, indeed, if there be any force at all in the remarkable testimony I have pre-

sented, that the dark mists of the shadowy and tantalizing past have been pierced by the calcium rays of the annular philosophy. We can now see how beautifully the legendary evidence of ephemeral canopies coincides with and corroborates the great law of uniformity that governs the developing world as well as the opening flower or forming crystal. We have taken legends that mean absolutely nothing outside of this universal plan—"meaningless myths" in the eyes of the student world, and have proven them to be true annular memorials, pointing to the grandest and sublimest of truths. We have shown that while these testimonials point back to the great philosophic scheme of world-making, they lift the veil of four thousand years and dispel the shades of mythology. We have seen with a certainty which no classic head can disregard, that man's original skies were a passing scroll. The heavens of to-day of uncounted and uncountable fires came into view as an eternal power after the flood of unknown centuries. The unfettered intelligence of humanity can allow no other conclusion. But so sure as that scroll veiled man's primeval heavens, during all those rolling centuries, infant man's habitation was an Eden world—a paradise fenced round by celestial walls.

As intimated before, an Eden world, or "Golden Age," produced by such a celestial screen of vapors, must have been free from such rains, winds, storms, and tempests as we have to-day. All these require the direct impress of the sun's heat on the *surface* of the earth. All the rains that fell during that age came from *annular clouds* formed in the loftiest heights, and these, indeed, must have been rare during the existence of a perfect canopy. All air-currents being reduced to a minimum, there could have been but little more than the descent of mists, as the sun sank to the under world. During all that period the thunder was silent, and folded the lightning's flash. All these things, it must be seen at once, were gifts which Jupiter alone could give; and the very fact that this *third* sovereign and deity in the changing dynasty of heaven was made the god of rains and storms, the thunderbolt and lightning's shaft, proves that that long period of eternal day that preceded his advent was one of Edenic conditions.

It is not difficult to trace the annular meaning in all these survivals of the wilderness past. If lightning and thunder had been familiar to man in the two periods just preceding the advent and exploits of Jupiter they would not have been made the one conspicuous arm in that sky-god's contest for supremacy on high. If it were possible for either Ouranus or Cronus to wield that instrument of celestial terror, how did it ever occur that legend did not report it? As legend is silent on this point, there is no doubt that the thunder was silent, too. There is barely a possible intimation of the occurrence of this phenomenon in the name of the Titan Brontes, one of the sons of Ouranus. It was the unerring trend of nature's processes which decreed that none but Jupiter could handle heaven's artillery, and nothing in the realm of nature can rob him of it but an annular canopy. Hence we see him on painted canvas, or in marble statue, holding the forked lightning as his own; not merely as an emblem of power, but an eternal asseveration that it is an arm co-existent with himself alone. I cannot assert the importance of this evidence too positively, for it is as plain as the noonday sun that if this phenomenon came into existence with the birth of Jupiter, the roof of the Eden world had veiled the lightning's fiery eye.

We find here repeated that dovetailing and co-linking of testimony, so characteristic of all annular evidence. Independently of the witnesses of the Jovian age, we have proven the fact of a green-house climate, produced by an Eden-roof of vapors. Independent of all this proof, when we come down to the time of Jove we find the thunder's voice had been stilled for unknown millenniums. And when we reflect that nothing in nature's order but a green-house world-canopy could have hushed it, we can readily see how the witnesses of the remotest past and those of the days of Jupiter stand linked in eternal support of the great law of world evolution. It is plain, then, that ancient mythology is a citadel of amazing strength in the presentation of the annular hypothesis. For so sure as the "son of Cronus" was the god of the pure sky, so sure did primeval man behold two great vapor canopies, which they personified and worshiped as gods. I. N. VAIL.

ELSINORE, CALIFORNIA.

ORMONDE.

IN these days of exploded banks and a premium upon currency, it is refreshing to know that one man can pay \$150,000 for one horse and still have enough left for car-fare. Mr. W. O'B. McDonough is a young and enterprising California millionaire, who has taken to the turf for recreation, and signalized his appearance as a breeder of thoroughbreds by paying the above-quoted sum for the English-bred Ormonde, "the horse of the century," as he was

alleged poisoning for the Derby will not be forgotten readily, and who is now looked upon as unbeatable upon the English turf. Mr. Charles Reed, who paid \$100,000 for imp. St. Blaise at the Belmont sale, made a special trip to Buenos Ayres to purchase Ormonde, but, owing to being quarantined for several days, landed to find himself forestalled by cablegram from Mr. McDonough.

Upon landing here Ormonde was taken to the



ORMONDE, "THE HORSE OF THE CENTURY."

proudly called at one time in his native land, Ormonde was never beaten at any age excepting when, after being sold to Señor Bocau, he started out of condition in his new South American home, and met the only defeat in his career. Ormonde finished his English racing career as a pronounced "roarer," and it was this reason which probably induced his Grace of Westminister to part with his champion for £12,000. He was at the stud in England for several seasons, and got, among others, Orme, whose sensational

Elizabeth race-track, where the Jersey variety of mosquito bothered him a great deal. Any horse whose hide is thick enough to withstand the attacks of these pests could not be worth any such fancy price. Ormonde has traveled 21,000 miles by sea, and in a few days will start on his first long railroad journey across this continent, to assume his post as lord of the harem at Mr. McDonough's stock farm in California. The only horse in England which ever took Ormonde's measure was Melton, the Derby

winner of 1884, which, at weight for age, ran Ormonde to a head in the Hardwicke stakes. All the others of his day Ormonde beat easily.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

THE military band is a popular institution the world over, either because it represents some crack regiment with years of glorious achievements behind it, or because the military corps carries with it the hearts of the local public. While the military band is most frequently also a street band, one must not overlook the fact that the military band for the concert-room is a vastly different organization; the one represents noise and lots of it, and the other, under intelligent and skillful professional direction, can accomplish in certain directions almost as much as a first-class orchestra. Naturally much of the success of a military concert band depends upon the personal popularity of the leader and his ability to reach his public with the class of music which they can appreciate and understand. The late P. S. Gilmore was perhaps the most notable band-leader this or any country ever produced. It was not because Gilmore was such a great musician; but he knew how to organize his band, to develop the possibilities of brass music, and while he so frequently descended to batteries of artillery and anvils to create startling effects, yet he did an immense work for progress in military band-playing. Gilmore left behind him at Manhattan Beach his artillery and blacksmith's tools, and also a beautiful and artistic music pavilion, and in this John Philip Sousa has installed his concert band, and the result of his concerts this summer has been to establish Mr. Sousa and his corps of musicians as metropolitan favorites.

Mr. Sousa commands attention as a leader at once by his fine scholarly and musically attainments. He is not only a first-class leader and musician, but also a keen and appreciative "showman." He understands his public, and he has the additional advantage of giving his audience a maximum of good music and a modicum of trash, which the initiated will readily understand is not so easily accomplished in the programme of a military-band concert. For an example of this one needs but to remember the awful "rot" given a patient and deluded public by the so-called Imperial German Military Bands, which posed on behalf of music and Villard—the signs read "Music and charity," it meant the same thing—at the Madison Square Garden in the early summer. After listening to Sousa's music and the rendition of it you realize how far superior the American military band is to the foreign article. The band of the Garde Republicaine in Paris is generally accounted the best in Europe, yet upon its visit here it was seen that we had at least one band its superior. There is a good deal in hearing a foreign band surrounded by its own environment. Take the Viennese bands, for instance. Their personnel is largely Slavonic, and when they are called upon to play anything but the Zingari music they sink into the commonplace. Even in the matter of numbers we excel these far-famed Austrian bands. The service bands in the Austrian army are limited to forty-two men, while Sousa has fifty-one in his concert band, and sixty and seventy are not infrequent numbers in our street bands.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the musical director of Sousa's band, was born in Washington, D. C., in 1854, of Spanish father and German mother. His early musical training was of the best, which his parentage made easily possible, and he attracted considerable attention as a violinist at a very early age, and at eighteen was leader of an orchestra, where his unusual abilities as a director were at once demonstrated. At twenty-six years of age he was appointed, under the Hayes administration, musical director of the famous United States Marine Band, which position he filled with great credit and honor for twelve years, during which time the national band was developed into one of the best-drilled bands in existence, and drew world-wide attention to Mr. Sousa as a band-master of unprecedented if not unequalled ability. Mr. Sousa remained with the Marine Band until he received the offer to take up the baton of the

present organization, August 1st, 1892. It is due entirely to Mr. Sousa's splendid executive abilities, joined to his capacity as a musician, that the men under his leadership have become the model military concert band of this country. Upon acquaintance with Mr. Sousa you realize that force of character, a firm but not harsh will-power, has also much to do in producing the discipline so necessary to a high-class musical organization. Mr. Sousa is also a composer of note with reference to his special mission in the musical world, having composed a number of admirable marches, which are played universally at home and abroad.

The concerts at Manhattan Beach have been splendidly attended this season, and the programmes taking and interesting. Numerous encores, whistling, singing, etc., with the selections, seem inseparable companions of band music, which the judicious would much prefer eliminated, but there is a public which has to be catered for, and it must be admitted that Mr. Sousa limits the adjutants to very narrow bounds and does not feature them in an offensive manner. Mr. Sousa and his band have earned a deservedly high rank with our music-lovers, and it is to be hoped that the band may be heard in a series of concerts in New York after the regular summer engagement has closed. H. P. M.

NOTABLE JEWS.—NO. XVIII.
SIMON W. ROSENDALE.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL SIMON W. ROSENDALE is a citizen of Albany, New York, where he was born in June, 1841, his parents having emigrated from Germany and settled in that city in 1837. His preliminary education was gained in a public school. Subsequently he attended the Albany Academy, and in 1861 was graduated from the academy at Barre, Vermont, where he took a literary course after beginning the study



ATTORNEY-GENERAL SIMON W. ROSENDALE.

of law in the office of the then prominent firm, Courtney & Cassidy.

He was admitted to the Bar in 1862, and soon evinced qualities which won him the favor of the profession and popularity with his townsmen. In 1863 he was appointed assistant district-attorney by District-Attorney Solomon F. Higgins, and the citizens of Albany placed the stamp of their approval on his services in that office by electing him, in 1868, to the office of recorder by a large majority, which office he held for four years. Since then Mr. Rosendale has twice held the office of corporation counsel, and was for a number of years the treasurer of the State Bar Association. In 1891 he was nominated for the high office which he now holds, and his large majority was evidence that his popularity was not confined to his own city, but extended through the Empire State.

A hard and conscientious worker in his chosen calling, Mr. Rosendale has always found time to devote to matters Jewish; he is an active member of the principal fraternal societies, was for ten years the president of the national court of appeals of the order B'nai-B'rith, and all the great Jewish movements, educational or charitable, in the last twenty-five years have had his active co-operation and the benefit of his sound judgment.

In his native city Mr. Rosendale is identified with the leading commercial, educational, and

philanthropic institutions, being a director in two banks, in a railway company and a hospital, the president of the Home for Aged and Infirm Jews, and a trustee of the Albany Medical College.

Mr. Rosendale was married in 1869 to Miss Helen Cohen, of Albany, who accompanied him on a trip around the world, and who presides with rare grace over a hospitable home.

ISIDOR LEWIS.

THE GERMAN EXHIBIT.

FRANCE and Germany are always rivals in whatever matter they are mutually engaged, and nowhere have they had a better opportunity for comparison than at Chicago. Both situated in the central part of the Manufactures building at the fair, they command attention at one and the same time from the visitor, and he must be a person of keen discrimination who can say either this one or that one is the superior.

France is so universally an exhibitor upon all occasions that one is not surprised at her success; but Germany has been so loath to appear upon such occasions that we are doubly impressed by the magnificence of her display; and the fact that the very portals of her exhibit are the gem of it all gives the observer a pleasanter impression of her exhibit than of any other in the building.

Her pavilion, standing at the northwest corner of Columbia and West avenues, is upon the plan of three circles touching each other. It was designed by Gabriel Seidel, of Munich, and it commands the highest praise both in its architecture, which is of the sixteenth-century Renaissance, and in its decoration. But the most admirable exterior feature is the iron fence with its beautiful gates which partially surrounds it. These are of wrought iron, and surpass anything of the kind in the fair. Germany holds the palm for this style of work, and in these gates she fully illustrates how Art, with her fairy finger, can turn with a touch the least attractive and clumsiest material into a dream of beauty.

There are three of these gates, one large for the carriage-way, and two smaller for the footpaths. Other gates, beautiful as well, mark the other entrances to Germany's territory. From our illustration one can see how massive yet delicate in construction, how imposing yet subtle in charm, are these great master-pieces. There are other specimens of this class of work inside the pavilion, but nothing to touch the art of these. Visitors find that almost imperceptibly the charm is laid upon them, and they return again and again to rest in the shadow of the black majesty, which stands like a sentinel before a veritable "castle in Spain"—just to feast the delighted eye.

The statue Germania, loaned by the Emperor, crowns the arched entrance to the pavilion proper, which is just inside the larger gate, and is a monument to the personal interest he takes in this great display. This statue, which is of bronze, is to be placed on the pediment of the new Reichstag building in Berlin. An illustration of it was recently published in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Once inside the arch it is hard to say what delights the most. The pottery attracts as much attention as anything, but it has a strong rival, among the old as well as the young, in the dolls and toys. Such a Lilliputian world as it is, with tally-ho's, and railroad trains, and hotels, and saddle-horses, and all that the living world has, each perfect in design and execution, and almost life-size; it seems toys were really never seen in America until this exhibit had its chance.

The exhibit of silverware is magnificent, containing as it does the many commemorative gifts to great men, and it is most impressively solid. In fact, that is the main impression of the whole German exhibit—solidity. In contradistinction to the French delicacy and airiness it is very noticeable, and especially so in the jewelry and silverware. Masses of gold studded thick and deep with precious stones; huge vases and goblets of silver and gold carved and chased with infinite skill—but all so heavy as to be burdensome even in the imagination. The pottery and furniture also bear the stamp of the national characteristic, and warn us that "Time may still reign"; but what the German aims to do shall defy Time and his ravages when once the work is accomplished. It is this characteristic which makes him the great force he is in the constructive life of the world.

The Nuremberg exhibit is backed by an immense painting of the market-place, which almost convinces the beholder that he is there in truth, and the quaint old houses and dear old women in their artistic costumes come out of the canvas and stand beside one—real facts, not fancies. The display of cutlery is really remarkable, and illustrates most forcibly how

skillful Germany is in all the trades she really pretends to excel in. It would hardly seem possible that practical, every-day knives and scissors could be made interesting, but the artistic arrangement and able workmanship in this instance make them so.

The educational exhibit, up-stairs, is a revelation, and to a student of German must afford endless pleasure. And then, the scientific instruments, so perfectly arranged, tempt the visitor to stay longer with them than is reasonable. Next to these we find the musical instruments, as important a part of the exhibit as anything, and even the unmusical soul must be delighted with the glittering display of brass, silver, and gold wind-instruments, although he may have no interest in the stringed.

But the Emperor (emperors past and present) towers above all else in prominence. He appears everywhere. In pottery, in bronze, in picture, in the manufacturing exhibits, in the agricultural exhibits—everywhere the Emperor. It seems very strange to us, citizens of a free country, to note how one man seems to dominate the heart and soul and brain of a nation; but so it is, and whatever else one may forget of the German exhibit, even after the beautiful gates have faded from the mind, one will remember still the Emperor. It is yet to be seen whether, by wisdom and capacity as a ruler, he will achieve for himself a place in history resting upon actual achievement rather than a mere traditional reverence with which real merit has nothing whatever to do.

R. S. Dix.

FACE STUDIES
BY STILETTO.

Any applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00 to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00 to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

The contour of the head is stable rather than brilliant, is clever rather than deep. The eyebrows are thoughtful, show capacity for concentration, but are not artistic in outline. The eyes are watchful, and have in their depths the suggestion of a settled habit of weighing, measuring, and considering events as they pass. Half-concealed upon the lips is a little smile which is half appreciative and half cynical. Individuality is distinct rather than strong. The personality is very individual. A certain degree of self-confidence and self-appreciation lie beneath the eyes, together with a liking for the appreciation of others, which is much stronger than a superficial observer would suppose. The

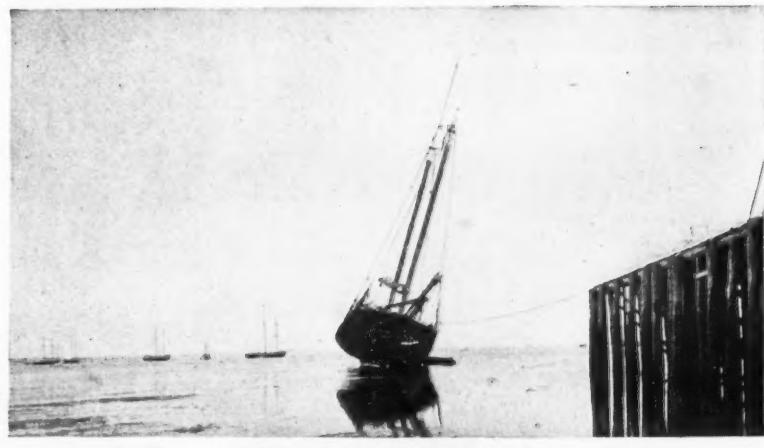


RUDYARD KIPLING.

temperament is warm, but is not excitable; is self-contained rather. The chin by its formation suggests firmness of will and great tenacity of opinion. The forehead is lacking something in practicality, and also, perhaps, in mental force, but it shows ready intuitions and a half-whimsical, half-keen method of observation and judgment which is productive of some very remarkable results, and tides over cleverly and well what would otherwise be a serious void in his composition. Although positive in his convictions, he is honestly convinced, and although decided in their expression, it is the expression of actual thought,



UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING STATION—CREW WITH LIFE-BOAT.



VIEW OF PROVINCETOWN HARBOR.



ANOTHER VIEW OF PROVINCETOWN HARBOR.



VIEW OF PROVINCETOWN FROM HARBOR.



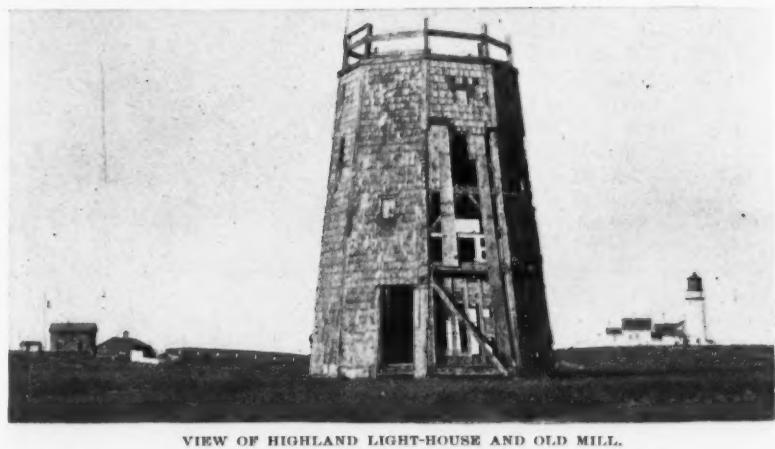
STREET VIEW.



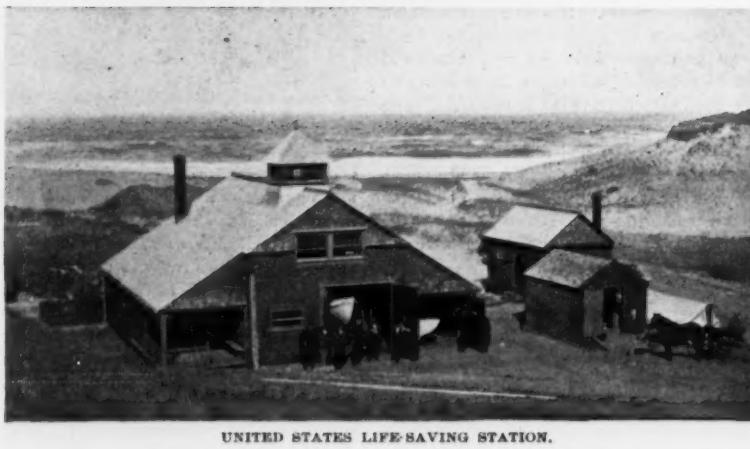
HARBOR BY MOONLIGHT.



SPREADING FISH.



VIEW OF HIGHLAND LIGHT-HOUSE AND OLD MILL.



UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING STATION.

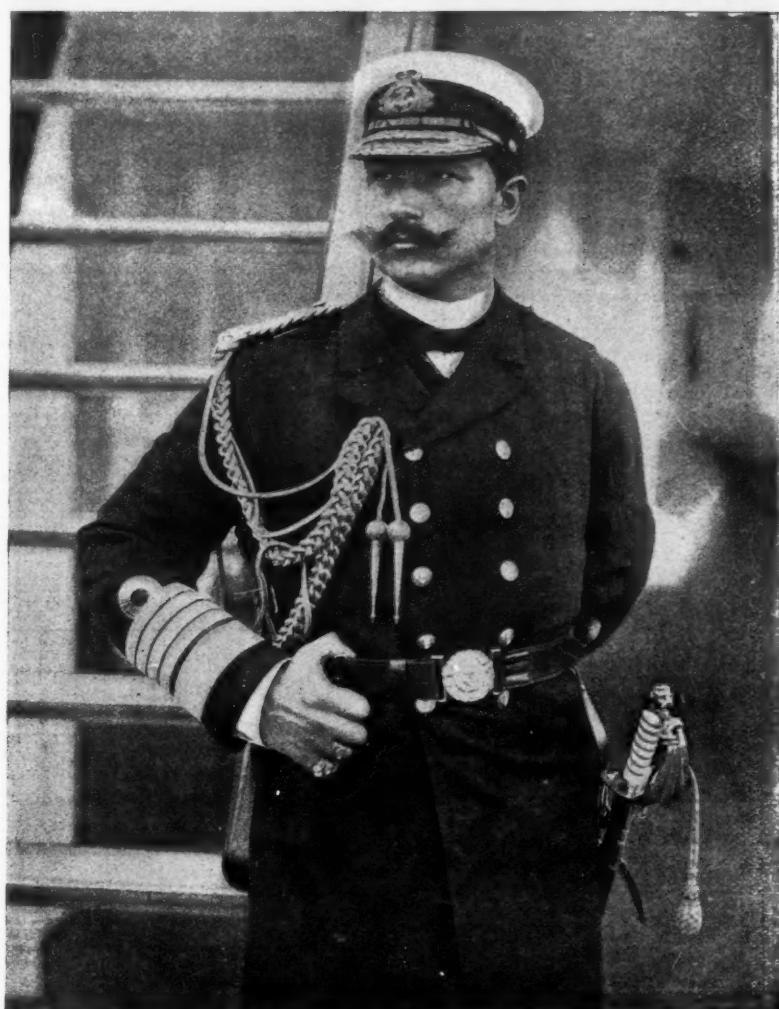


HIGHLAND LIGHT-HOUSE.

QUAINT AND HISTORIC PROVINCETOWN, THE TIP END OF CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 139.]



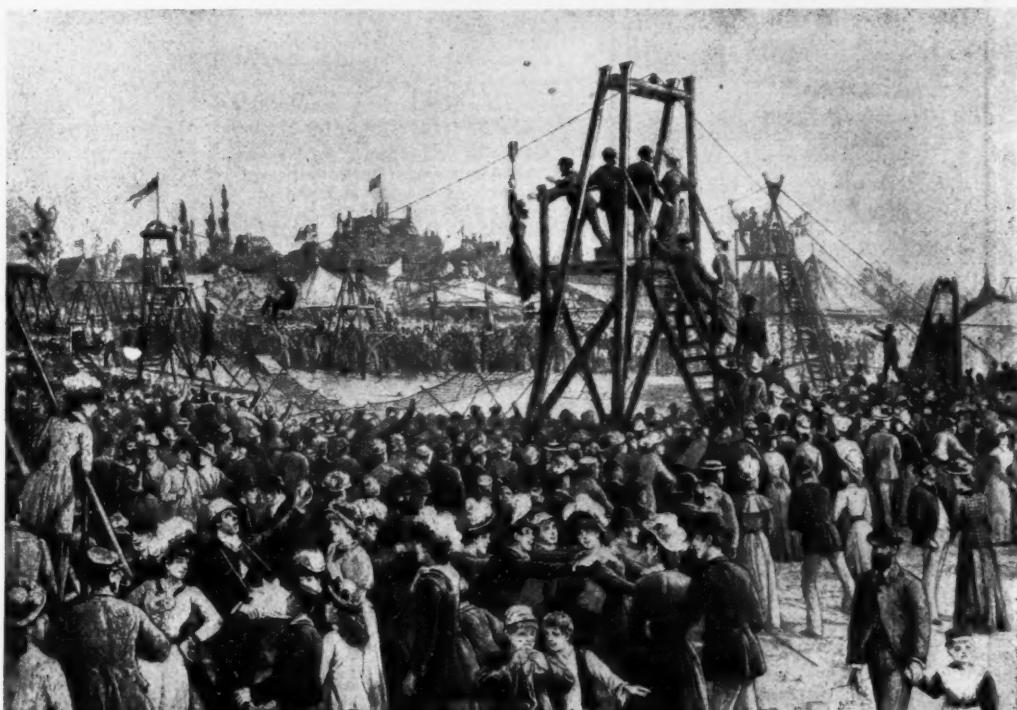
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SMILING MOOD.



PORTRAIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON BOARD THE "HOHENZOLLERN."



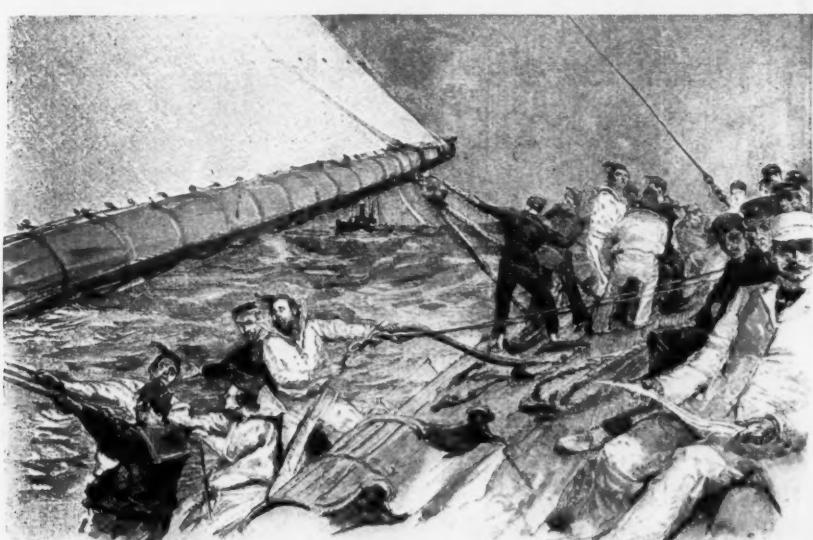
A GIRL OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS, NOW UNDER A BRITISH PROTECTORATE.



BANK HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS IN ENGLAND—THE RAZZLE-DAZZLES IN EPPING FOREST.



GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW SUBJECTS IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

"In sheets."
THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON BOARD THE "METEOR" DURING THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP OFF COWES.

SAND WANTED.

SHE (on the beach)—“I was afraid you were going to kiss me then, you pursed up your lips so.”

He—“Oh, no; I wouldn’t dare do that. I merely had some sand in my mouth.”

She (disgustedly)—“Don’t take it out. It may get into your system.”—Judge.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

BRIGGS—“Smallacre is the most economical man I ever saw.”

Griggs—“What has he done now?”

Briggs—“He wouldn’t propose to his present fiancée until the day before she sailed for Europe.”—Judge.

LOGIC.

MOTHER—“I’m sure I don’t know who you took your laziness from, Johnnie. It must have been your father.”

Johnnie—“Not much! Pa’s got all the laziness he ever had.”—Judge.

IN TEXAS.

HIGHWAYMAN—“Everybody throw up his hands!”

Uncle Hayseed—“Jee whillikens! This must be Chicago. I didn’t think we’d got there so quick.”—Judge.

The following letter was received at this office and speaks for itself. It only serves to illustrate that FRANK LESLIE’S WEEKLY is found in every portion of the world:

W. J. Arkell, Esq., Publisher FRANK LESLIE’S, New York City.

MY DEAR SIR:—I received a letter this morning from South Africa, which I am sure will interest you. It proves that LESLIE’S WEEKLY is a good advertising medium. I attach hereto a copy of the letter, which speaks for itself. Very truly yours,

GEORGE H. DANIELS,
General Passenger Agent.

CHARLES COLLINS,
KIMBERLY, CRITERION.

KIMBERLY, SOUTH AFRICA, July 17th, 1893.

Mr. George Daniels, General Passenger Agent New York Central Railroad, New York.

SIR:—Noticing an advertisement in LESLIE’S WEEKLY of the “Restless American,” I hereby send post-office order for five shillings on general post-office, New York. Would you please send me any railway guides, or any railway illustrations, such as sleeping-cars, dining-cars, etc., and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) CHARLES COLLINS.
“Bound to Go Somewhere.” Send us that.

FATIGUE and exhaustion overcome by
Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no opiate.

ALL PERSONS afflicted with dyspepsia find relief in Dr. Siegert’s Angostura Bitters.

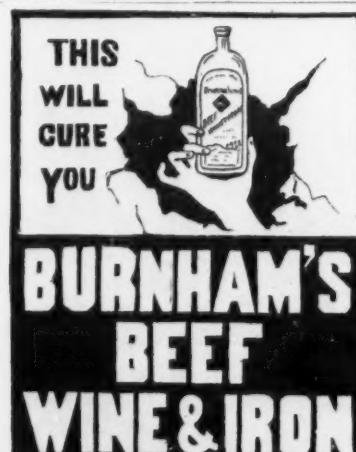
YOUNG MOTHERS

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden’s Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for thirty years. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

ANY person wishing to purchase a strictly first-class piano is advised to visit the salesroom of Sohmer & Co., 149-155 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

Mrs. Winslow’s Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



PRICE 50c. pint. Let those who have pale faces try it. It is A GREAT RESTORATIVE TONIC that acts upon the blood immediately.

Be Sure You Get BURNHAM’S. Our formula is a secret. No other is “just as good.” All grocers sell it.

Six ½ pint bottles expressed for \$1.50. Send stamps for book—Household Hints.

E. B. BURNHAM CO., 130 Gansevoort St., N.Y.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure.

CUTICURA

SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA REMEDY, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

“How to Cure Skin Diseases” mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents

THE ORIGINAL

YEARS ago disgusting lotions and poisonous compounds were largely used by ladies. But a new era dawned upon

the Social World when the Rev. A. A. Con-

stantine returned from his missionary labors

in Africa, bringing with him a knowledge of

the healing arts of the natives of that coun-

try. The result was the introduction of the

now world-renowned

Constantine’s

Persian Healing

Pine Tar Soap.

As a cleansing agent this Potent Beauti-

fer of the skin is a surprise to all. Pimples

and Blotches vanish before it; the Scalp is

freed from Dandruff; the Hands become

soft and delicate; the Lips assume the

RUDDY GLOW OF HEALTH.

The Teeth are made Snowy White; there is

a rich odor of perfume about the breath;

in fact, every young lady who uses this Great

Original Pine Tar Soap has the proud

satisfaction of knowing that it has made her

SUPERLATIVELY BEAUTIFUL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

PIANOS

Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by

Leading Artists.

Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N.Y.

SOHMER & CO.,

Chicago, Ill.; 226 State St.; San Francisco, Cal.; Union Club Building;

St. Louis, Mo.; 1529 Olive St.; Kansas City, Mo.; 1125 Main St.

LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivaled situa-

tion at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel among

Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table

d’hôte.

WRIGHT’S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.

Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Bare Breath,

Removes Tartar, Refreshing to the Mouth .25 cents.

Send for book “Care of Teeth,” free. Wright & Co.,

Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

TOILET GEM.

WRIGHT’S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.

Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Bare Breath,

Removes Tartar, Refreshing to the Mouth .25 cents.

Send for book “Care of Teeth,” free. Wright & Co.,

Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

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Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Bare Breath,

Removes Tartar, Refreshing to the Mouth .25 cents.

Send for book “Care of Teeth,” free

Easy to Take
and keep
the system in
Perfect Order.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

A specific for
Headache
Constipation, and
Dyspepsia.
Every dose

Effective

"Exposition Flyer"

Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the

New York Central

between New York and Chicago, every day in the year.

This is the fastest thousand-mile train on the globe, and is second only in speed to the famous

Empire State Express,

whose record for two years has been the wonder and admiration of the world of travel.

The New York Central stands at the head for the speed and comfort of its trains. A ride over its line is the finest one-day railroad ride in the world.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" send two 2-cent stamps to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

Sole Contractor, M. Poetzl, Frankfort-on-M.

Aix-la-Chap. GR. MONARQUE, 1st cl., rear ch., hot sulph. baths. **Baden-Baden** ANGLETERRE, Cen. of prom., high rec., lift, lg. terr. **Minerva**, Lichtenh. Allen best sit., gard., lift. **Berlin**, CENTRAL HOTEL, 1st cl., 600 beds. Post, Tel., Railw., off. **Bligny-sur-Ouche** HOTEL, 1st cl., 100 beds. **Bordeaux**, HOTEL DE LA PAIX, 1st cl., 100 beds. **Bonn**, GRAND-ROYAL HOTEL, Facing the Rhine, park, lift. **Casselt**, KONIG V. PREUSSEN, 1st cl., light, heat, gard. **Cologne**, HOTEL DISCH, Lift, railway booking-office. **Dome**, Fash. house, el. light, lift. **Du Nord**, Lift, railway office, el. light. **Einsiedel**, El. light, beautiful garden, lift. **Feldberg**, B., El. light, near station, el. light. **Geneva**, MUSEUM HOTEL, Best part of town, gard. and lake. **Heidelberg**, VICTORIA, 1st cl., most beaut. sit. **Homburg**, BATH: BELLEVUE, Opp. kurpk., lift, bath, el. light. **Kissingen**, BATH: RUSSIE, 1st class, on the kurgarden. **Munich**: BAYERISCHE Hof, Largest, finest H. in town, lift. **Dome-H.** Centre of town, only front rooms. **Nurnberg**, BACHMANN HOTEL, Anger. **Ostende**, Grd. H. des Bains, 1st cl., face sea. **Wiesbaden**: FOUR SEASONS, fin sit., facing kursaal. **Rhine**, HOTEL, Lift, Weiss Brothers. **Turkey**, VICTORIA H. and Baths, Lift, Schweigut Bros. **Wildbad**: (WURTZ) HOTEL KLUMPER, 1st cl., two hydr. lifts.

THE PICTURESQUE

West Shore Railroad.

The only All-rail Route running Through Drawing-Room Cars between NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA and BLOOMVILLE, and between Washington, Baltimore, Phila., New York and Kingston to Saratoga and Lake George. The favorite route of business and pleasure travel between

East, West, Northwest and Southwest. The fast Express Trains over this line have elegant Palace and Sleeping Cars between New York, Boston, Kingston, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, to Hamilton, Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis without change. See daily papers for through-car arrangements to the World's Fair. For Tickets, Time Tables and full information, apply to any Ticket Agent, West Shore Railroad, or address

C. E. LAMBERT, General Passenger Agent, No. 5 Vanderbilt Ave., New York.

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis RR.

THREE TRAINS EAST WEST DAILY.

PALACE SUPERB
BUFFET DINING
SLEEPERS. CARS.

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN... NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO

TICKETS SOLD TO ALL POINTS AT LOWEST RATES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Special Rates for Parties.

Trains arrive at and depart from Nickel Plate Depot, corner Twelfth and Clark streets, Chicago; Union Depot of the Erie Ry. at Buffalo. At Cleveland, trains stop at Euclid avenue, Madison avenue, Willson avenue, Broadway, Pearl street, Lorain street and at Detroit street, from either of which stations passengers may be conveyed by street car to any part of the city.

For rates and other information see Agents of the Nickel Plate Road, or address

L. WILLIAMS, B. F. HORNER,
Gen'l Sup't, Gen'l Pass'r Agent,
CLEVELAND, O.

F. J. MOORE, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRIED LADIES Send 10 cents for "Infallible Safeguard" (no medicine, no deception); just what you want. Best in plain sealed wrapper. **LADIES' BAZAAR**, Kansas City, Mo.

THIS WEAK POINT.

FATHER (impressively)—"Listen, Rudolph. Thirty years ago your father hadn't a dollar. Now I own railroads, steamboats, banks, real estate; am a United States Senator, feared and respected by all; and remember, Rudolph, all this I accomplished by my terrible will-power and bulldog tenacity."

Rudolph—"But you can't shut mamma's mouth when she once gets a-goin', can you, pa?"—Judge.

FRANCE AND SIAM.

A THIEF got possession of a small room in a large house and was permitted to occupy it on condition that he shoot nobody. Presently his feelings were hurt, and he demanded as reparation that all the rest of the house be given him with the sole exception of the kitchen, which must be used solely for his benefit and occupied only by his cook. This the owners of the house demurred to, and he felt so angry about it that he shot them all dead.—Judge.

A Robust Fact!

Banks have gone down, large business houses have failed, and industries have been paralyzed during the recent financial flurry, and one fact has stood out during it all with remarkable distinctness.

The Great Advertisers

of the United States—the concerns that boldly let their lights shine in reliable publications—have met the crisis and passed through it unscathed.

Judicious Advertising,

as a rule, is the best kind of investment. It brings trade from all parts of the world, and is at work early and late in the interest of its purchaser. Hence, when trouble comes and doubts prevail in one part of the country, the great advertisers have their returns increased from other sections, and they are easily able to tide over the period of depression.

When Buying Space

carefully consider the circulation and permanence of the medium, the liability of its being kept long after issue, the quality of paper used, and the clearness with which the advertisements are printed.

We Don't Want

to influence your judgement in suggesting mediums. Far be it from us to do such a thing. All we ask is that you will not waste your good dollars on "trash" papers when you can procure equal circulation in standard, high-class publications for the same money.

'Nuff said.

A Revolution in Magazine Prices! On all News-stands.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, UNCHANGED IN SIZE. **12½ CENTS.**

By Mail, postage prepaid, 12½ cents per month.

By Mail, postage prepaid, 50 cents for 4 months.

By Mail, postage prepaid, \$1.50 for 1 year.

The radical step which marks this issue of *The Cosmopolitan*—the cutting in half of a price already deemed low—is the result of an intention long since formed to give to the public a magazine of the highest class at such a price as must bring it within the reach of all persons of intellectual taste, however limited their incomes.

The year 1893 will be the most brilliant in its history. No other year has seen such an array of distinguished names as will appear on its title page during 1893. De Maupassant, Mark Twain, George Ebers, Valdez, Spielhagen, Francois Coppee, Pierre Loti, are some of the authors whose work will appear for the first time during 1893. In its art work the advance will be no less marked. Jean Paul Laurens, Reinhart, Rochegrosse Vierge, Toussaint, Schwabe, are among the artists whose work will decorate its pages during 1893.

Send five cents for a sample copy

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE. Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue, New York

THIS WEAK POINT.

FATHER (impressively)—"Listen, Rudolph. Thirty years ago your father hadn't a dollar. Now I own railroads, steamboats, banks, real estate; am a United States Senator, feared and respected by all; and remember, Rudolph, all this I accomplished by my terrible will-power and bulldog tenacity."

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"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."
A box of
BEECHAM'S PILLS
constitutes a family medicine chest.
Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, and all nervous and trembling sensations are relieved by using these Pills.

Covered with a Tasteful and Soluble Coating.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

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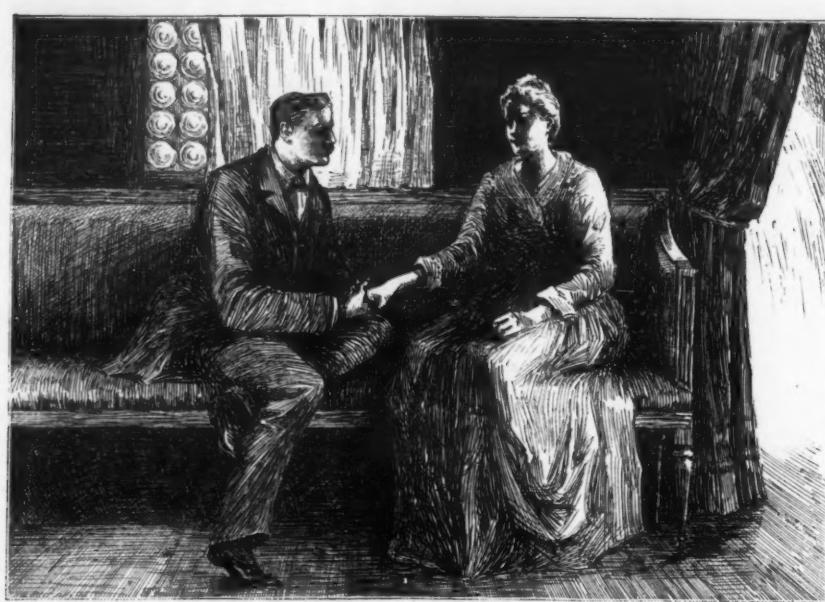
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ENCOURAGEMENT.

HE—"I—I have called to-night to ask—to ask for your hand."
SHE—"Well (silence while the clock ticks), why don't you?"

"Too Many Cooks"

spoil the broth." Probably because they
don't use

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

Armour's Extract enables a poor cook to
rival the "creations" of the most celebrated
chef. Our little Cook Book tells how to use
Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a
different soup for each day in the month. We
mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

★ THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD ★
IMPERIAL GRANUM
IS THE BEST SUITED TO ALL
WEAK AND DELICATE CONDITIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS
THE SAFEST
FOOD
IN THE SICK ROOM FOR
INVALIDS
AND CONVALESCENTS—UNRIVALLED—
For DISPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS.
A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED
FEVERS.
AND OF RARE MEDICINAL EXCELLENCE IN ALL GASTRIC
AND ENTERIC DISEASES, ESPECIALLY IN
DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA—INFANTILE AND
ADOLESCENT,
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. * SHIPPING DEPOT—
JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the
preparation of

**W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

ADVERTISE IN
FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

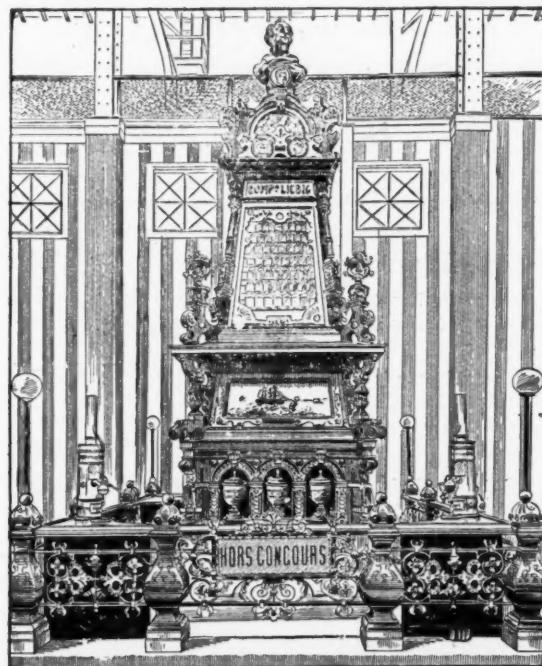
THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY

J. HARPER BONNELL CO.,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

THE U. S. Government Chemists have
reported, after an examination of the
different brands, that the ROYAL Bak-
ing Powder is absolutely pure, greatest
in strength, and superior to all others.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 WALL ST. NEW-YORK.

BE SURE TO VISIT THE EXHIBIT OF



**Liebig COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef
AT THE
WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.**

You can easily find it in the northeast part of the AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, north aisle, in the URUGUAY DEPARTMENT.

Every caller at our interesting exhibit may receive, free of charge, a cup of delicious, refreshing Beef Tea, made from the world-known Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.



**W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE**

FOR
GENTLEMEN.

Best Calf Shoe in the World for the Price.

Fine Calf Dress Shoes, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

Very Stylish.

Policemen's, Farmers' and Letter Carriers' \$3.50

Shoe. Three Soles, Extension Edge, \$2.50 and \$2.00 Shoes for General Wear. Extra Value.

Boys and Youths wear the \$2.00 and \$1.75 School Shoe.

For Ladies, \$3.00, \$2.50 and \$2.00 Shoes. Best Dongola.

W. L. Douglas Shoes are made of the best material, in all the latest styles, and sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

Do You Wear Them?

W. L. Douglas' name and price is stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory, to protect you against high prices. Doing the largest advertised shoe business in the world we are contented with a small profit, knowing that the extra value put in W. L. Douglas Shoes will give a continuous increase to our business. The dealer who sells you unstamped shoes makes the price to suit himself. He will charge you from \$4 to \$5 a pair for shoes of the same quality as W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe. The stamped name and price system is the best for you, because it guarantees full value by the manufacturer, for the money paid, and saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear W. L. Douglas Shoes.

If you wish to economize in your footwear it will pay you to examine W. L. Douglas Shoes when next in need. Sent by Mail, Postage Free, when dealers cannot supply you. Take no substitute. Send for Catalogue with full instructions how to order by mail.

Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.

So popular with the Ladies
for reddening their teeth
pearl white.
With the Gentlemen for
Cleansing their teeth and
perfuming the breath. It
removes all traces of tobacco
smoke. Is perfectly
harmless and delicious to
the taste.

Sent by mail for 25 CENTS.
At all dealers. Send 2-cent
stamp for sample to

E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the
Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail.
Co. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Columbia
BICYCLES.
GUARANTEED.

Catalogue free on application to the nearest Columbia Agent, or sent by mail for two cent stamps.
POPE MFG. CO., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston.